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Victor.



1 - 1924 - Chicago

A TRAGEDY



VICTOR:

A MORAL DRAMA, ENDING WITH A TRAGEDY.

ILLUSTRATING

*The Triumphs of Character over
Temptations.*

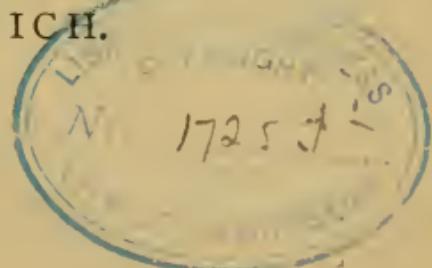
IN FIVE ACTS AND THIRTEEN TABLEAUX.

Designed for Parlor Recitation, Tableaux,

AND

PUBLIC DRAMATIC REPRESENTATION.

BY B. A. ULRICH.



CHICAGO:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1878.

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P R E F A C E.

The moral drama herein represented may contain too much of a theatrical nature to meet the tastes of those who seek for literature purely religious, and it may include in the dialogues too large an amount of Christian sentiment to really please the true lovers of the drama ; hence, I am uncertain as to its reception. I see no reason, however, why a play cannot be produced illustrating the superiority of Christian principles, as well as a novel, and religious novels are as numerous as the stars in heaven. On the other hand, I cannot comprehend why those who patronize the drama should object to the representation of the higher Christian character in a play, or to a plot demonstrating in its conclusion the victory of virtue over vice. To suit both of these adverse elements I have endeavored to combine the good, the true, the beautiful and the spiritual with the attractive, the entertaining and the dramatic. I have brought into prominence characters of the highest religious nature, and in vivid contrast with them, presented the most vicious. My scenes are located at familiar places at home, and on shipboard on the Atlantic, and in Paris, Ems, a German forest and Heidelberg in Europe.

I do not expect to inaugurate a new era in the modern drama, or reconcile the views of the opponents and the advocates of the theater. Having a high appreciation for

Grand Tableau, representing Prologue in Heaven.

SCENE—A brilliant starlight night. The back of scene is light blue, and concave, upon which are shown different constellations; the most distinct is Taurus with the Pleiades. The floor of stage represents a sea of glass, upon which is located a throne, its four feet resting on four globes of lighted transparent glass, with globe of same for footstool. The back of throne is formed of half-circles of globes of light, or stars, one circle within another. The throne is formed of glass, and studded with brilliant gems. At foot of throne, through a ridge in glass, runs a sparkling stream of water. A mist and a sweetly-scented atmosphere surround the throne, and partially envelop personage occupying same. A rainbow encircles all. On both sides are steps leading to throne, on which in circles, stand figures representing angels, whose forms are made to shine by means of brilliant lights. All have golden harps in their hands and crowns of gold on their heads. All drapery white and gold. Raphael brightest among the angels.

THE LORD, RAPHAEL, CHORUS OF ANGELS.

The Lord—Hail ! beings of eternal light and love,
 Who dwell e'er blest within these realms above;
 Assemble ye about Jehovah's throne,
 Whose will throughout all worlds is law alone !
 And let him, chosen by that changeless Will,
 A mission to the distant Earth fulfill;
 There guide to truth a young, immortal soul,
 From Earth's dark glooms to Heaven's eternal goal.
 There, far below these mansions in the skies,
 A soul is born, who may at length arise
 To these bright courts of endless peace and light,
 Where comes no trouble, nor the shades of night,
 Where inharmonious sounds are never known—
 Where nothing mars the glories of God's throne—
 Whence great Jehovah speaks His wise commands—
 Surrounding which the glorious rainbow stands,
 And thunders roll afar, and lightnings play,
 And nature's wonders blend in bright array.
 Raphael, the true, it seemeth best to ask
 To take this mission, and perform the task.
 The banner of the cross on high unfurl—
 Throw open wide the heav'nly gates of pearl—
 So he can swift descend through boundless space,
 Bearer to Earth of God's eternal grace.

Chorus of Angels—

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Amen !
 Glory to God for salvation of men !
 Honor and power forever belong
 To Christ, their Redeemer, life of our song.

Sing praises ! sing praises to God above !
 Who sent forth "The Son" through infinite love,
 To teach, to plead, and to die for mankind,
 Who e'er through these gates an entrance can find

Raphael—Your golden harps awake, bright angel choir.

Let heavenly music now our souls inspire ;
 Let fond remembrances our love recall,
 As gathered 'round this central point of all.
 Though absent on my mission far away,
 My thoughts with you shall here the meanwhile stay.
 No painful partings we anticipate,
 On adverse fortune never meditate.
 Swift, from bright Alcyon, I'll wing my flight ;
 The Pleiads will diminish in my sight ;
 Within the north, like blazing stars, they'll shine
 Forth flashing glories of the Power Divine ;
 While in the south there beams with grand display
 Majestic Sun that gives to Earth its day ;
 The planets all in orbits vast he lights,
 As well as their dark circling satellites.

[*Raphael starts forth, and choir of angels sing "Hallelujah," etc.*]

Grand Tableau, representing Prologue in Hell.

SCENE—The background of scene concave, the same as first tableau. Constellation Scorpion in place of Taurus. The canopy dark instead of blue; and gloomy darkness is spread over all the scene. Dark spectral shadows move to and fro. Apollyon's throne enveloped in dark clouds and rests on Scorpion's heads; a sulphurous smell issues from it, and a huge, dark figure with lustrous eyes appears seated in

it. He rests one foot on dark globe. The floor of stage black. Dark angels, enveloped in black clouds, assemble at call of Apollyon.

APOLLYON, MAMMON, AND EVIL SPIRITS.

Apollyon—Angels of darkness, ye who God profane—

Who wander hopeless through my vast domain,
E'er haunted by the phantoms of the past—
The sins which Earth about your souls has cast—
Haste and assemble 'round my lofty throne,
And hear my will, that governs here alone :
This day upon the Earth, 'twixt Heav'n and Hell,
Where once ye dwelt, and ever served me well,
A man—an intellect—has just been born
Whose service on the Earth we should not scorn,
Whose power ere long may move the minds of men,
And he may aid us oft with ready pen.
Him in the charge of one of you I'll give,
There to be taught, while he on Earth shall live;
And if ye fail my sovereign will to do,
My subtile wiles shall find their way into
His human heart, o'erwhelming him with woe
And all his hopes forever overthrow.
Thou spirit of that deep scholastic sage,
Who left to man a treach'rous heritage
Of wit and wisdom that no good forebode,
And strove to scatter flowers along the road,
At my behest, that e'er doth lead to me,
Or thou, despised on Earth, who didst agree
For thirty pieces of their silver coin
The cruel enemies of Christ to join,
And Him betrayed with kiss, on bending knee,
So I could bind Him for the bloody tree
And vanquish Him, who once o'ercame my host—
In heaven's high court when I its glories lost.
His spirit still on Earth directs mankind—
My kingdom there to hold 'tis hard, I find.
Come one, by choice of all, and haste away
Upon this mission, and my will obey.

First Evil Spirit—I'll haste away and bring this soul to Hell

With us in torment here fore'er to dwell.

Lost ! lost fore'er, forever lost are we !

Peace, joy and Heaven we shall never see !

Second Evil Spirit—I'll haste away this soul to
seize and bind,

That it with us stern torments here may find.

Lost ! lost fore'er, forever lost are we !

Peace, joy and Heaven we shall never see !

Chorus of Evil Spirits, in anger—

We'll haste away and bring this soul to Hell,
With us in torment here fore'er to dwell.

Haste ! haste away, and bring this soul to Hell
With us in torment here fore'er to dwell.

Apollyon—Confusion, my best friend, here reigns
supreme !

Hell now is like a madman's wildest dream !

Disperse ! ye sons of woe, to torments keen !

Beware ! hereafter, when my courts convene !

Mammon, begone ! take thou this task of death ;

I'll clothe thy spirit in a comely sheath.

Weave thou thy nets from vain perfidious mirth,
When thou dost ply thine arts on yonder Earth.

*Grand Tableau, representing Prologue in
Mid-heavens.*

SCENE—Same as in first tableau, with throne removed, and constellation Taurus on the right-hand side of canopy in the upper side of same, and the constellation Scorpion on lower left hand side of canopy.

ENTER MAMMON.

Mammon—From Graffias, in sign the most remote,
From Taurus bold, where Al cyon I note,
Now through the dark abyss of space I haste—
Remembering well my passage through the waste—
The vast and dreary voyage that I made
When last to Earth's small orb my mission laid.
Now, swifter than the hot electric spark,
I on the endless sea of space embark—
But, see ! my zeal hath urged me past my goal,
Beyond the Earth where dwells that human soul !
What radiant being this who nears my sight,
Speeding along on wings of dazzling light?

ENTER RAPHAEL.

It is an angel from the heavenly world,
Whence bold Apollyon was sternly hurled !

Raphael—What see I now approaching through
the void?

Of heavenly beauties is the form devoid;
It seems as 'twere a spirit from the realm
Where woe eternal doth its souls o'erwhelm!
[To *Mammon*.] Whence art thou, traveler, athwart
this void,
Twixt circling spheres in trackless space upbuoyed?

Mammon—From Graffias, within the Scorpion's
head,
Bound to Sun's planet, Earth, I've sped.
And whence hail'st thou, with wings of dazzling
light?

Raphael—From Alcyon, among the Pleiads bright.
I, too, now hasten to the Sun's domains.
The Earth a creature of my charge contains,
Victor, by name—a tiny babe as yet,
Whose infant soul dark sins will soon beset.
I, now, am sent to guide him in the way
That leads from thence to Heaven's eternal gay.
I fear thy mission hath no good intent.

Mammon—Well thou dost judge: for this same
soul I'm sent.

Raphael—Back to thy realm of torment turn, I
pray,
For thou shalt ne'er this human soul betray.

Mammon—Vain thy desire. Apollyon knows full
well
That I will bring this soul with me to hell.

Raphael—Spirit of woe! on ruin ever bent,
Hopeless the mission on which thou art sent;
Christ on yon Earth hath broken Satan's power—
Scattered the clouds of sin that o'er it lower—
With Breath Divine He turns Hell's darkest storms;
The hearts of men with love for God He warms.
His side received the wound from Satan's spear
Hurled at weak man, who need no longer fear
Spirits like thee, on mischief thither sent,
If trusting Jesus with a mind intent.

Mammon—Weigh well thy words, or I may here
renew

That contest fierce, that once our hosts o'erthrew.
Quick to my hand Apollyon sends the shaft.
His breath athwart this void my weapons waft,
Which, in terrific anger, I can hurl,
Driving thee back to heaven's gates of pearl!

Raphael—Nay! Stay thy fury; raise not impious
hands

Against one God Who all these worlds commands!
I need but whisper here a moment's prayer
And He will hurl thee back to hell's despair.

The Lord (unseen from heav'n)—My realms dis-
turb not with the sounds of strife,
For peace here reigns triumphant e'er with life.

[*Mammon vanishes.*]

Raphael—[As he speaks a globe representing the
earth is made to move toward him, or view of
earth is opened from back part of scene.]

Alone I am! The Earth below appears,
More charming now than all her sister spheres!
There, sparkling in the genial rays of sun,
Through valleys clothed in jasper, rivers run.
Bold mountains spread their arms about the globe,
And verdure, snow or waters Earth enrobe!
Now to this orb, as gentle zephyrs blow,
I float along far from its fields of snow.
Invisible alight 'mid summer's bloom,

[*Scene shows apartment described.*]

And seek the precincts of the quiet room
Where Victor lies. Now gaze intent
Upon his tiny face, in rest content,
Nestled with love against his mother's heart;
His face of her sweet face the counterpart,
Though free from all the traces cares have left
Upon her face, of youth's bright glow bereft.

END OF PROLOGUE.

ACT I—TABLEAU IV.

SCENE—A native forest in America opening into a field. On one side runs a small river entering the forest. Boat in water. Raphael is seated on bank of river with harp by his side. Victor, with horn in one hand and fishing pole in the other, walks back among the trees of the forest; a hunting dog following. He does not see Raphael.

RAPHAEL AND VICTOR.

Raphael Lo ! in the silent wood there roams the youth.

With gracious mien, and song—young Victor 't is.
His visage as the sky serene and bright—
Simplicity of youth, divinely sweet.
The pure, untarnished mind with vigor rife,
Yet ignorant of guile in all its forms,
When heavenly feelings mind and heart e'er warm.

[*Sings, accompanied by harp:*]

Shepherd art Thou, Lord e'er gracious,
Want shall never o'er me frown ;
Thou in pastures green, capacious,
Bidst me kindly to lie down.

Near the waters Thou dost lead me,
Thou restorest oft my soul ;
Thy great love dost oft revive me,
And my sorrow dost console.

For Thy name's sake Thou dost lead me
In the paths of righteousness.
Yea, though passing through the valley
Clouded o'er with dark distress,

I shall feel no evil near me,
For I'm conscious Thou art there,
That Thy rod and staff direct me,
That I am beneath Thy care.

Thou preparest tables for me
In the presence of my foes ;
Balmi st oil thou pourest o'er me,
And my cup with joy o'erflows.

Grace and mercy me shall follow
Till the days of life have flown ,
Then I'll dwell in heaven, holy
Lord, forever, 'neath Thy throne.

Victor—I've listened with delight to the sweet psalm
That, on Judea's hills, once David sang,
To rhapsodies divine his harp attuned.

Raphael—Leave now thy sports, fair lad—draw near, I pray.
This streamlet's grassy bank shall be our seat:
Take from this pearly flask a sparkling drink;
The waters pure will give thee lasting strength.

Victor—Thou art a stranger, but a good man seem.
Raphael—List to the counsels, then, I'll give to thee.

Victor—A pleasure I shall deem to hear thee talk;
So full of peace and love thine eyes and voice
They dreams of angels from above recall.

Raphael—Child of the earth, so gay, riding along
Upon the hours of youth, and singing songs
Of brooks, of birds, of winds, of rustling trees—
Have griefs embittered yet thy heart so young,
Or sins unwholesome e'er disturbed thy rest?

Victor—No, my good sir, for I have been the child
Of mountains, tangled forests, winds and storms;
The vivid lightnings and loud thunder peals
Do e'er delight me with their grandeurs wild;
O'er nature's beauties roam I, free as air.

Raphael—O, child of happiness, my words attend.
This earth less joyous is than first it seems;
Wide scattered o'er its face the human race
Have it with woe and sin now overwhelmed.

Victor—In ignorance I wish that I could live
Of all but that which gives one health and joy.

Raphael—Thus Adam lived, who headed this great race,
Until, through sin, he brought disgrace on man.
He in a lovely garden waked, full formed
In harmony to dwell with all in peace.
God gave him Eve, she lovely as the dawn
When in the east it bursts with glory forth
With purple, azure, golden rays adorned,

The lingering shades of night dispersing fast.

[*A dense mist forms over river.*]

I wave this wand—behold the circle formed
Within yon mist—in it see paradise.

[*A tableau is presented in circle, formed in the mist, brilliantly illuminated. Eve seen in bower, which is covered with flowers and vines. A spring wells up from ground near by, a natural fountain. Adam stands near Eve, gazing upon her. Tree of good and evil near them; foliage partially hides figures which may be composed of very small and beautiful children to good effect. Birds and trees.*]

Victor—How grand! how fair! is Eden in its bloom!

God spread it forth, thus rich with flowers and fruit,
Where birds of gorgeous plumage warbled songs
Caught from the melodies of angels heard.

Raphael—Like gentle zephyrs came God's counsels there;
He filled their infant souls with wisdom rare,
Intelligent were they as they were fair.

[*Tableau disappears.*]

Victor—God told them of one tree they must abstain,
Called good and evil, eat not thou of this,
Said he, or thou shalt die.

Raphael—And strange to say,
Through Satan's snare, they broke this first command,
And they were driven forth from Eden's groves.
I wave this magic wand, behold the scene!

[*Same surroundings as former tableau, but Eve appears with hair in wild disorder, picture of despair. Serpent seen coiled on tree near her. Adam looking at her in scornful sorrow. An angel with sharpened two-edged sword stands in attitude of command, as if to drive them forth. Lightnings flash and thunders roll, and clouds collect about scene. Children's figures same as before.*]

Old Satan, thrust from out the heavenly world,
With rebel angels, he their chief, hates God.
With malice keen, and dark revengeful wrath,
He sought fair Eden in its peace serene,
And wrought destruction midst the works of God.

[*Tableau disappears.*]

Victor—How knew he what transpired outside of hell?

Raphael—This ancient spirit, damned, consigned to woe,

Through some deep spiritual pow'r perceived
What e'er transpired in vast creation's realms.
It proved a torment thus all worlds to see,
Their happiness to know, but not enjoy.

Victor—What right had he to leave his cursed abode?

Raphael—Twas some old right God willed him to retain.

Victor—So then he left at times that joyless world?

Raphael—Yes. Once a brilliant star it shone on high,

But hurled, with comet's swiftest speed at last,
To endless darkness, grim and vast, down, down,
Whence no doomed star could ever rise again
To constellations of bright heavenly spheres.

Victor—Thus the lost soul from Heaven's supremest joys

Must sink, through sin to hell's eternal woe.

Raphael—Yes, tis too true.

Victor—Then Satan met fair Eve
In Eden innocent?

Raphael—Yes, but unwise.

Victor—Did he from her own lips learn God's command?

Raphael—He did: her ruin planned and sealed her doom.

Thus Eve's fair daughters still, with hearts all gay,
Leave their pure homes, while thoughts their minds will fill

Of what has happened in their youthful years,
And meet some stranger in this life's highway,

Perchance, and cautious words of those most dear
 Forget, unconscious that a heart is near,
 Intent on ways e'er wicked, base and dark,
 Devising schemes that may defile their souls.

Victor—Ye shall not surely die, then Satan said;
 Eat of the tree and ye shall grow to be
 Like gods, and know both good and evil here—
 I so have read in God's own book, good sir.

Raphael—Yes, and forbidden fruit Eve took;
 she ate,
 Then gave to Adam. Satan's envious wrath
 Was gratified; earth doomed, and our Lord wept.

Victor—He, Lord, as Jesus after known, who
 wept
 Over the grave of Lazarus, his friend?

Raphael—Yes, He the same, He wept o'er graves
 foreseen
 That since have swallowed millions on the earth.
 He knew the world would soon be curst, and swept
 By hell's dark blast, containing woe and death,
 While passions wild would their dark nature show.

Victor—Six thousand years since then have rolled
 away—

Raphael—And earth has failed to pay the penalty
 Created by transgressing God's command.

Victor—And could it e'er, had not our Lord
 brought here
 Redemption for a world of sin and pain,
 By forfeiting for man a spotless life?

Raphael—Nay, never! He, from his bright
 throne on high,
 Beheld the earth, once pure, in sin now chained.
 He who had fought the rebel angel once,
 Saw Satan vanquished, and from heaven cast
 With his great host, this 'vantage of his foe
 Could not perceive, and silently endure.
 He left his throne; his dazzling crown took off:
 Was born in Bethlehem.

[Raphael moves wand again; tableau of child in manger, halo about his head. Mary, shepherds, Joseph and others standing by, seen in mist.]

Behold the scene!

Blest Mary's son!

Raphael—[Sings, accompanied by his harp.]

Beautiful Babe, who awoke in the East,
'Mong Judea's princes, Thou not the least;
Encircling Thy brow a halo of light,
Reflected Thy love in radiance bright.

Victor and Raphael in chorus

Thou, Savior of men! Redeemer of mine!

O, holy Thy being, pure and divine!

Raphael—He grew, and soon He smote
The head of the old serpent with His heel,
And God's eternal laws on human hearts replaced,
And vanquished by His resurrection here,
Upon this sin-stained planet, death's vile sting.

Victor—Is death not known on all the planets,
then,
Which roll in their vast orbits 'round the sun?

Raphael—Nay! Think not thus, my son, for
death with sin
Comes only; without sin, eternal life,
Complete and perfect, reigns. And so it is
Beyond this globe, on other worlds where dwell
Beings intelligent, in God's image formed,
Who have not dared to violate his laws.

Victor—A second conquest, then, our dear Lord
won?

Raphael—Yes; by His light the world began
once more
To follow God's primeval laws.

Victor— Which will,
I hope, redeem at length our fallen race.

Raphael—All who believe will be redeemed and
live.

Heed now my words, fair youth, so thou canst guide
Thy tiny bark through life unharmed and true,
Ne'er fearing storms or driving tempests wild.

Victor—As on each side a host may sink down,
down

To dark dismay, beneath the waves of sin,
 My Savior, Friend, Redeemer, God, and thee,
 O, bear me onward in my trembling bark,
 Up, up, to yon bright port of lasting rest,
 To dwell with angels there forever blest!

Raphael—Cast now thine eyes upon a thrilling scene;
 The crucifixion of the Savior, slain
 For you—for all, to cleanse away all sin.

[*Raphael waves wand in air, and Victor sees above the Lord enveloped in a dark cloud nailed to the cross; Mary weeping at foot of cross; Roman soldiers with spears; crown of thorns upon head of the Lord; disciples in background. Darkness broods over the scene.*]

Victor—O gracious Lord, O Lamb of God, what love!

On Thee I gaze, transfixed my eager eyes.
 Bright shines that glorious image, pure, divine—
 Thou, Son of God, Whose power fills the world.

Raphael [Sings, accompanied by harp]—
 Like rays from the sun, when mounting the skies,
 The pure beams that will from that Savior arise,
 Peace, love and grace shining down upon earth
 From the loved Son of God once lowly of birth.

Raphael and Victor—Chorus:

Thou Savior of men, Redeemer of mine!
 O, holy Thy being, pure and divine

Raphael—

The Savior of men, to the sinner so dear,
 With halo undimmed, which life speaketh e'er,
 Though slain, still alive triumphant and free,
 All glorified souls shall eternally see.

Raphael and Victor—Chorus:

Thou, Savior of men, Redeemer of mine!
 O, holy Thy being, pure and divine!

[*Scene vanishes.*]

Raphael—The founts impure, whence flow the streams of sin

Imbibed by men, which make them vile and low,
 Corrode their hearts, and ruin souls fore'er,
 I will reveal; shun thou their withering blast.

[Waves his wand. Scene appears in mist of miser counting or gazing on his money; beggar extends empty hand and is unnoticed by the miser.]

Gold! [in low voice.] power omnipotent on earth,
that dares

Men's souls to subjugate and rule! Gold! Gold!
Ruling a soul, and yet its meanest tool!

Slave of the man it most enslaves and rules,
Binding him oft with golden chains of sin;
Man pays thee homage, and in silent gloom
He treads the floor at midnight, racks his brain
To see how he can hoard thee, swell his wealth.
It matters not though all the land be wronged!
The workman eats his crust, half paid and worn;
The widow, orphan, perish at his door,
By him of their just legacies deprived.

He plans to have what pleases most his soul,
Base soul, that drinks from founts of death of sin,
And evil lusts. Self reigns supreme! No thought
Of Christ, or love, unsullied love,
Exalts his mind - dark, gloomy, starving mind;
But chained is he to misery and wealth;
The victim there of gold. O gold! thou lying gold!

[Scene disappears.]

Victor—I shall not love too much this tempting
gold!

Unless its gain might be eternal loss.
The poor, the sick, the needy I will aid;
Increase my means, and use them well when earned.

Raphael—Yes; money must be used; for it we
toil,
Contrive, think, strive, design, procure and sell;
Its vile abuse alone will cause us harm;
For money, representing life and wealth,
Can ruin souls, or yield man healthful joy.
Without it man becomes a weight on men
Who pity first, then soon despise and shun;
A haughty look they give of marked disdain;
Forget all kindred, and all friendship's claim.
He loses freedom, energy of mind,
Who seeks to beg his bread from other's means,
Who idly waits for charity, a myth,
How seldom seen! how few therewith are blessed!

A myth, an empty myth, but rarely found,
Cold as her statue, and of haughty mien.
Her favored ones are miserably low.

Victor—A goddess she whose smiles I ne'er shall want;
The money I shall need I e'er shall earn.
Grant charity, ne'er charity desire.

Raphael— Beware, O youth, the mocking wine,
and pray
That thou shalt never know the wretched hour
When lost through liquors vile, or wicked lust,
No longer thou canst find the joys of earth.

[*Waves wand in the air. Scene in mist of drunkard in circle, with appropriate surroundings.*]

Victor—O see the drunkard reeling, staggering,
there,
With bloodshot eyes, and clad in tattered clothes!
Of all that meets the eye he basest seems.
Unmerited by him so fair a world.

Raphael— Sweet youth, with guileless lips and
brow and sense,
O never let your bark sail onward thence,
Down to an ocean, vengeful in its might;
But strive to rise and gain eternal rest,
Among the spirits pure in homes e'er blest.
Let me, with love, thy youthful form embrace,
Ere thou thy homeward path alone retrace.

[*Raphael embraces Victor; after which he leaves in a boat which floats down the river, while he plays on the harp.*]

[*Enter Rolf playing on a flute, followed by gaily-attired female figures, each dancing or playing upon some light instrument, or acting the part of personages they represent, who pass and repass Victor and finally form a circle about him, continuing their dancing, the sirens singing.*]

Sirens.

Merrily, merrily, the livelong day
We dance, and we sing as time slips away;

O come now and join us, youth, young and fair;
Happy thy days will glide free from all care.

Merrily, merrily, the livelong day,
We dance, and we sing, as time slips away.
Don't live a sober life, join us and be
Gay as the happiest of us you see.

ENTER RICHARD.

Richard—By Jove! though, ain't those fine girls?
I say, Victor, where'd those girls come from?
Country girls, I reckon! Live hereabouts? Deuce,
though, can't they dance? Come, Victor, and let
us have a round dance, or a dance round on this
'ere green.

Rolf—Dick, say less, and more favors you will gain;
A youth high bred you would pass for, indeed;
But let them judge from your dress and your form.
[To Victor] See, I have called up fairies from the
woods,

Goddesses of beauty, love and of mirth;
Venus, Diana, sirens not a few;
Thalia and Terpsichore, Vesta—No?
She comes not for me, but enough are here
Without her, I think, for our present joy.
Victor and Venus will lead off the dance;
Thalia and Richard, follow ye them,
While I take the huntress Diana so fair;
Let Terpsichore's music fill all the air.

[They are led in the dizzy dance of the fairies
and the goddesses until the music of Raphael
is heard on the river, when suddenly all dis-
appear, leaving Richard and Victor alone.]

Richard—The deuce! Victor, what's all this
mean? Such a dance, with such splendid, magnifi-
cent girls! Whirl-about, whirl-a-gig, away they
danced; then left us as sudden as they came.

Victor—O Richard, talk not lightly of this scene;
It sends a cold, dark shudder through my veins;
An influence unfathomable, dark,
Moves back of all this fairy imagery.
Often before this have I such things seen,
Thrust by an unknown hand across my path.

Richard—Zounds! I s'pose 'tis the devil and his
tools

Trying to deceive us two country fools!

ACT I—TABLEAU V.

SCENE—Portico of large mansion. Grove of trees and an arbor in front yard. Guitar on floor of porch. Summer scene. Star light. A slender iron fence runs along in front of yard. Street outside.

VICTOR VON RIESENKAMPF.

Victor—A foreign tour, o'er seas I quickly fly,
The brilliant scenes imagination draws
Pass quickly 'thwart my mind. My busy brain
Is thinking, planning, as to the best route.
My thoughts return again to partings now
From those so dearly loved.

ENTER MRS. V. R.

Mrs. V. R.— Well, my dear boy,
And so you start to-night? 'Tis mid July;
How pleasant is the eve! The beaming rays
Of sun no longer here are shed; he leaves
The cold stars there to glimmer in the night.

Victor—Which cast their mellow light o'er all
the scene
As nature sinks to rest.

Mrs. V. R.— A lovely night
To start upon your journey, my dear son.

Victor—O, very, mother dear!

Mrs. V. R.— Your tour's marked
out?

Victor—Surely; first to Niagara I go,
Then at New York take steamer and cross o'er
The ocean; land in France, at Havre's port,
From thence I take the railroad to Paris;
Then, passing Brussels, reach Cologne.

Mrs. V. R.— And see
The field of Waterloo?

Victor— Indeed I will,
And the cathedral also at Cologne.

Mrs. V. R.—I saw both forty years ago, my boy;
No railroads then bore me from land to land
With speed of lightning in luxurious cars.
I traveled then by coach on ancient roads.

Victor—How changed the world must seem to you.

Mrs. V. R.—All changed.

Victor Then I will go to Coblenz from Cologne;
To Heidelberg through Frankfurt, then, from there.
Here stop and study, as you do advise.
Vacations I will spend by visiting
Grand Switzerland, old Rome and Greece, perhaps;
Then up the Mediterranean sea
To Constantinople, then to Moscow
And St. Petersburg, and then through Berlin,
Back to Heidelberg.

Mrs. V. R. O, St. Petersburg!
Here was I when proud Moscow was destroyed,
Wrapt all in flames, by order of the Czar,
To save it from Napoleon the Great,
Who thus was left shorn of all hope to save
From Russia's frigid clime his army vast.

Victor - That must be years ago.

Mrs. V. R.— I was a child,
But recollect it well.

Victor— A daring feat.

Mrs. V. R.—Well, Victor, go, and foreign scenes observe;
Mark well the wonders God around displays;
Thou knowest all the fears which fill my breast,
But trust in Him will quiet them to rest.
Seek honor, virtue, and enduring fame,
And may thy wisdom every day increase.
Endeavor to abstain from earth's dark sins,
So after leading here a useful life,
Thou canst to Him ascend, with soul redeemed.

Victor—Mother, with love, I here now promise thee
Thy counsels to attend, and strive to gain
Eternal heaven by obeying God.

Mrs. V. R.—The legacy left us in Saxony,
Choses in action, money, and some lands,
With an old mansion house, you will arrange?
One hundred thousand dollars valued once,
In all, and seeing lands are rented well,
Or sold, the papers then convertible,

To money turned, with other money send,
Taking therefrom your part.

Victor— I understand;
And all my papers of identity
Have ready, with the Consul's seal attached.
Twenty-five thousand dollars is my share,
Which you are willing, then, I should retain?

Mrs. V. R.—'Tis yours, my son, and I have faith
in you.

If you see fit to send it to be loaned
In your own land on mortgages, and keep
Sufficient to defray expenses, well,
If not, state what you would prefer.

Victor— Your way,
Dear mother, is the best, and I will act
As you suggest.

Mrs. V. R.— See all the business done
Is done correct, according to the will.

Victor—I shall dispose of lands, or rent them out
To honest tenants, and set all to rights.

Mrs. V. R.—So be it, son, and now hear my
advice.

Beware, my son, of too much love of praise,
Of ignorance; of a dishonest name;
Hold fast to virtue, as you value life;
Improve the mind, in vigor keep it e'er;
Its faculties, so high, preserve with care;
Do not their brightness through base acts destroy;
Created these to use, in daily life,
Not to be tortured by some vile abuse.

Victor—Yes, this I'll strive to heed, and to obey.

Mrs. V. R.—Shun thou narcotics of all kinds,
if wise,
Which drown men's senses, paralyze their minds.

Victor—I do not smoke, dear mother, nor shall
learn.

Mrs. V. R.—The human form divine keep ever
pure
And free from noxious drinks and poisons vile.

Victor—I do not drink, dear mother, and ne'er
shall.

Mrs. V. R.—Let Christ relieve the heart from all its sins,

And through thy life inweave His purer life ;
Seek thou the vital soul through Him to save,
His life for its eternal life He gave.

[*Exit Mrs. V. R.*]

Victor—I will o'ercome the strong desires that rise
Unbidden, and from whence I do not know,
Within my breast and tempt me to depart
So oft from righteous ways. She little knows
The will restrained by my great love for her,
And fair Victoria whom I must leave,—
I was to meet her in yon shady bower
This very eve ; there tell her all my plans.

[*Victor leaves portico and enters bower in yard
of adjoining residence, the home of Victoria.*]
I'll play her favorite piece on this guitar,
'T will bring her from her home to meet me now.

[*Enter Victoria, who meets Victor in arbor.*]
Behold thy star, Altair in Aquila,
Now brighter, fairer than all other stars !
In making it thy choice didst thou e'er think
That it might shine, and make my heart rejoice
When far from thee upon the ocean vast,
Recalling hours when thou wert by my side ?

Victoria—Upon the ocean ! Thou dost me surprise.
What shall I from this startling news conclude ?
Oh ! Victor, thou art joking now, I know,
In earnest, I'm sure, thou can st not be.

Victor—In earnest, truly, my Victoria, dear ;
The time that I must leave is near at hand—
Yes, this same night I start upon my tour,
And in one week I'll board the Arago ;
Pray, then, that the gentle winds may fan the sea.

Victoria—To-night ! And thou hast told me naught before !

What aim leads thee to seek a foreign clime ?

Victor—Ambition leads me — high my hopes aspire ;
Up higher, as yon star, thou callest me,
Thou art the star that guides my destiny ;

And parting now this thought my heart consoles,
That I shall train my mind for lofty aims.

Thy admiration sought gives genius wings ;
Genius, yon star, the diamond in thy ring—
With their bright luster naught can e'er compare,
For they e'er sparkle with their own bright light,
Dispel our gloom, and beautify our path.

My genius, kindled by thy genial love,
Impels me many miles to go from thee ;
But nearer to thee shall my mind e'er grow ;
O, may my genius shine, as doth this night,
Altair, thy diamond and thy lustrous eyes.

Victoria—Bright, lofty virtues shining through
the soul,

Undimmed, and ever free from earth's control,
And genius linked with purity of mind—
These in thee, Victor, I e'er hope to find ;
That they in thee exist, time shall declare,
Beloved and honored for thy virtues rare ;
Then, as a friend, with friendship pure and true,
I e'er shall wish a faithful friend in you.

[*Torchlight procession, in celebration of the laying of the Cable, suddenly marches up in front of residences in street ; band plays "Hail Columbia" and "Britannia."*]

Citizens—The Queen of England sends the first
dispatch ;

She greets the President from Britain's isles
Across the cable through the ocean laid.

Boys and citizens—For Queen Victoria three
cheers we give,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! Hip, hip !

Boys—Tiger !

Victor—Respond, my noble queen, Victoria.

Victoria—Hush, hush ! They cheer a noble queen,
But not the queen thou fear'st will rule o'er thee.

Victor—Well, I shall send three hearty cheers in
air

For fair Victoria ; which, I'll let them judge.
Three cheers for fair Victoria I give.
Hear, boys, Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

Boys—

Tiger!

1st Citizen—Oh! he is cheering for his girl, I know.

A fair and noble queen she truly is.

2d Citizen—Three cheers for fair Victoria we give.*1st Citizen*—Such queens Columbia need never fear;

They fight for liberty, we all do know.

All—Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!*Boys*— Hip! Hip! Tiger!*Victor*—You have my humble thanks, good citizens.

You all do know me well, so, let me say,
 I love the Queen Victoria not less,
 But my Victoria more, and so gave
 Three hearty cheers for her. I soon shall leave
 Both you and her, and travel far away;
 May soon be subject to that other queen
 On England's shores, which they do say are
 fenced,

The island is so small, and still so full,
 There's danger of some falling off. How's that?

Several—Do not believe it; but, if so, then send
 To uncle Jonathan's rich prairies vast
 Those Johnny Bulls who have not room at home.

Victor—My friends, the town seems all ablaze
 this eve

With torches, rockets, and with bonfires bright,
 In celebration of the cable laid
 Between the eastern shores of this free land,
 And the far off western coast of that Old World.
 Bold those adventurers who hope to join
 Two shores so distant with a thread of iron.
 'Twill seem mysterious, and strange to hear,
 A voice that speaketh with a tongue of fire
 Across the ocean through that submerged wire.

Citizens—Three cheers for Victor, let us give;
 Hip! hip!

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Boys— Tiger! Tiger!

[Exit procession, band playing "Yankee Doodle." Enter party of young people, friends of Victor and Victoria.]

Several—We hear, friend Victor, you intend to leave
And visit Europe.

Victor—Yes, and very soon;
All now is ready, and I start to-night—
At ten o'clock I take the train.

Several—To-night!

Victor—Come, let us to the house repair at once,
And I will bid you all a last farewell.

[All cross over to portico of Victor's house, which is lighted by lamps on side.]

Here, we can stop upon this portico.
Come, let us sing together here once more
Some merry, well-known song before we part;
Victoria the harp and I my flute
Will play—What shall it be?

Several—Choose you the song.

[They sing, several joining in chorus.]

Several—How have you, then, arranged your trip? Let's hear?

Victor—I have not formed, as yet, my route entire,
But shall expect to visit England, France,
Then Germany. Vacations I will spend
In travels. First, perhaps, to Italy
I'll go, to Turkey's capital, and Greece
From thence; to Russia and to Berlin then,
And back to Bonn, or Heidelberg again.

Several—Have you no company to go with you?

Victor—Oh, no; none but my thoughts or those
I'll meet

At points along the way, and your kind words
And wishes spoken here. Now let us dance
Upon the lawn. Ned, play the fiddle.

[All form in quadrille, and dance in front of portico on lawn.]

ENTER MINISTER, VICTOR'S MOTHER, SISTERS
AND BROTHER.

Minister— Well, my young friends, how you
enjoy yourselves!

It does me good to see this honest sport,
Well-timed and innocent. I could myself
Join in with you and spend a pleasant hour.
So, Victor, you will leave us now?

Victor— E'en so,
Good pastor, and shall strive to heed your words,
Oft spoken in the pulpit, warning all
Beware of sin, of pride, all evil ways.
I ask your blessing on my journey now,
Good reverend sir, my teacher, and my friend.

Minister— Yes; that I shall, my boy, with pleasure give;

But first I'll say what you now bring to mind:
Love springs to life and smiling there appears,
Man in his youth, the image of his God;
He claims the world, absorbing power and force,
From earth and air, from water, and from light;
Enjoys the bounties and the charms of life,
Becomes a man, possessing ample strength
Of mind and body to o'ercome the world;
Filled with the spirit of the Power Supreme,
He wields the elements which him surround;
Chaining the water, lightning, wind, and fire,
He makes them servants of his giant will;
Fruit, grain, plants, trees, flowers, shrubs are his
to use;

Beast, fish, and fowl yield up their life for him,
While all the minerals in earth and sea
Submit to him who breaks their stubborn strength.
Be thou supreme, O sovereign man! while life
Pervades your being, lends you strength and
thought,

Seize on the varied forces of the world,
And bid them act thy pleasure at thy will.
If you are tempted, Victor, call on God
To aid you to resist, and trusting Him
Will prove salvation and your lasting good.
And may God bless you, my dear son, and grant
That you in happiness and peace may live
While distant from us, and return all safe,
Well profited by studies and your trip.

Victor—And now, good friends, it draweth near
the hour

When I must leave, so let me give to all
A last farewell! a long and last farewell.
Hoping, on my return, to see you all.

[*Victor now bids good-bye, shaking hands, embracing mother and sisters, and then approaching Victoria, leads her to his mother and places their hands together.*]

Victor—Mother, Victoria, you each love me,
I love you both, so witness all now here;
No foolish love, but manly, honest love;
So love each other, as I love you both.
I shall return, if our God wills; if not,
Cheer and support each other's lives and hopes.

Mother—And may God bless us all, and soon
unite

Our lives again, as He hath now our souls.

Richard—Whew! that's high toned! Grandiloquent! Splendid! I've got plenty money; what's to hinder me going to 'U-rope? Say, friends; you all do know me well. Yes, and what's the use of making a great palaver about parting? Here, give us a good shake of your hands and say good-bye, and God bless you. And you, good old governor, send me along my money as I draw. Come, see me off. Will meet you, Victor, in New York.

Rolf (aside)—I, too, will meet you ere you reach
your goal.

In gayest pleasures seek to blast your soul.

ACT II—TABLEAU VI.

SCENE—Deck of ship Arago, on the Atlantic. Night. Capstan with rope coiled about it, on right. Mast on left with ropes, &c. Bright starlight.

VICTOR V. R.

Victor—Now, on this east-bound ship I stand,
and watch

How it the ocean's path doth plow with strength:
The wild sea-caps are dancing ocean wide,
Rising and falling, leaping side by side.
See how the dolphins play upon the waves.
Victoria's star shines forth in Aquila,
With sister orbs, on me from out the depths,
Then one by one sink down beneath the west.

ENTER SPIRIT OF VESTA ENVELOPED IN DENSE MIST.

A mist is floating down upon us now;
 See the fair being coming from its midst,
 That hid her matchless beauty in its folds,
 In semblance of an angel, bright, sublime.
 Dew of ambrosial sweetness fills the air;
 Her sunny hair is like the golden grain;
 Amid her beaming brow it parts, and falls
 In trembling ringlets o'er the tossing prow,
 Her pure, transparent veins revealing now,
 Spanning her forehead like bright rays of light.
 Bring'st thou some message from a realm divine?

Spirit of Vesta.

I in the kingdom of virtue abide;
 The noble and pure there all have been tried;
 Honor and glory immortal will rest
 O'er the fair fame of him by me ever blest.
 Through water and air and heavens I glide;
 The lost one I've seen sink down 'neath the tide,
 Betrayed by one who spurned my command;
 Avenged are the wronged by my sceptered hand.
 I warn you remember, youth, my decree,
 That my scepter shield thee over life's sea.
 I wave it in air, when before you doth rise

[*Spirit waves wand in air, and tableau of a home appears in the mist, father, mother and group of beautiful children.*]

The loveliest spot ever seen 'neath the skies;
 Tis the dear home of him by me ever blest,
 Who hath honored by counsels and found in
 me rest.

[*Spirit vanishes.*]

Victor—Gone! Vision of light! Fair angel of hope!
 Alone am I left to ponder the sight.

[*Victor falls asleep.*]

ENTER ROLF, RICHARD AND OTHERS WITH GUITAR,
 FLUTE AND VIOLIN.

Rolf—What! Here is Victor, sleeping on this coil
 Of rope like sailor jaded out with work.
 Boys, let us now the hero serenade;
 Let strains of music his fond dreams disturb.

[*All play and several sing.*]

SONG ON THE ATLANTIC.

Glorious a night on the deep blue sea,
When the moon's soft rays light the ocean's
glee,
And clouds the horizon afar begloom,
And the stars above the skies illume.

Their radiant beauty the heavens fill,
As well as the ocean's depths, so still,
Their brilliant luster the clouds bedye,
As the clouds float lightly athwart the sky.

On the clear night air falls the sailors' song,
As the sails are bound to the masts along,
And the dancing waves break on its prow
As the tranquil sea the ship doth plow.

It breathes its music o'er the waters round,
Music of soft and harmonious sound,
While the sea gulls soar o'er the swaying mast,
And dart o'er the waves with measure fast.

O, then we think of the far off days
When hope shed around us glittering rays,
And joyous our lives as the summer's breeze,
When the slightest sports would our hearts
well please.

We call up muses from silent night,
And relate our thoughts in the starry light,
While command we regain o'er all we know,
Calm as the sea when no winds do blow.

Richard—Thou mighty deep, unfathomable, roll,
Or slumber e'en, as now, twixt either pole,
Or wash the welkin's cheek in iron wrath,
When fearful winds rush through their gaping path;
Still art thou bound, art chained within thy bounds
And must obey, when loud thy master sounds
His stern command, or wills that master hand
Shall guide a bark o'er thee from strand to strand.

Well, boys, perhaps you don't think that's an
original oration, but it is. If I didn't originate
it some other orator did.

Several—Bravo! Well said! Ho, Victor, slept ye well?

Pardon if we have spoiled some magic dream.

Victor—Gone! vision of light!

Rolf— There, he has been dreaming.

Victor—Well, boys, are you then up so late to-night?

I fell asleep and have been dreaming here, How long I do not know. What is the hour?

Richard—The glimmer of the morn tints now the eastern sky,

Bright vivifying rays mount up on high, And soon the sun will burst in glory forth From out the sparkling ocean toward the north.

Rolf—Have you not orated enough, bright youth?

All exclaim—See! see! the scudding ship nears England's shore.

Victor—Yes, yonder land seems nearing us again. Soon forts and castles built on frowning rocks Will rise to view, and cities with their ports.

[Enter Captain.]

Rolf—The captain uses now his telescope To scan the coast.

Captain— Sailors, seize the guys And hoist the flag of stars and stripes on high, Let it o'er friendly ocean gaily fly; Then turn the slumbering cannon to the shore And let it give a loud and long salute.

[Several sailors appear and do as ordered.]

(Looking through telescope)

Yon port is Cowes, that now appears to me Within the east upon the isle of Wight. There dancing o'er the waves a tiny speck Draws nigh—the pilot 'tis—he soon will reach The ship and guide us safely to the port.

ACT III—TABLEAU VII.

SCENE. Paris. Champs D'Elysee on one side. Large residence on the other side of street. The doors opening occasionally into same show brilliantly lighted Salon or parlors. Starlight night.

VICTOR, STANDING NEAR FOUNTAIN IN THE CHAMPS D'ELYSEE.

Victor—Well, here I stand, upon old Europe's soil,

Where empires flourish, and where freedom droops.
The ocean now I've past, its mighty waves
At times do roar with fearful gales and storms;
The shores of free America they wash.

I hope no monarch's rule will ever curse
That land to me so dear. God guard it e'er.
In dazzling France a while I'll linger now,
Amid these scenes that make one weep and smile;
Weep, to behold it held with iron grip
By false Napoleon Third; a perjured soul
He bears, and holds his power by brittle thread:
Smile, to attend the fountain's ceaseless flow,
And view the beauteous parks and buildings grand.
I think as I alone do wander here
Of wild shrieks piercing shrill its balmy air
When war swept madly o'er these lovely lands,
Its glory marring with the hand of death;
And then of St. Bartholomew's fierce night,
When deeds were done that shrank from light of day.

Rolf—Come Victor, friend and grave philosopher,
Lay by your creeds, your morals, and unbend
Your rigid brow, and join our group to-night;
The Lions see of Paris e'er you leave.

Victor—Oh! well I know this gay, historic place,
Paris, that standeth on the face of earth,
Proud of its transient glories and its name,
Where pleasure reigns in questionable ways.
The Elysian fields, the Louvre's halls,
The Gobelins where now the artist wields
His needle place of brush, and brings to view
All fresh and new some painting rare and old,
I here have seen, and arches built of yore
By mighty monarchs, in their power grown bold,
Who left these monuments to show mankind
How they had conquered nations, and unfurled

Their banner o'er a region stretching far.
 Here is the tomb of First Napoleon,
 Whose conquests stirred old Europe to her core.
 To thoughtless minds, proud Paris seems all fair;
 Within its parks the sparkling fountains play
 Mid beauteous gardens decked with shady groves,
 And pleasure beckons to one on all sides.
 By thoughtless minds, those minds that cannot see
 What dwelleth there in misery, I mean,
 The starving pauper, and the vicious dens;
 A government deceptive and corrupt.
 Still artists find in Paris widest fields
 Of art and knowledge.

Rolf— Ha! Ha! Ha! Well said.
 Quit now this strain while we ourselves enjoy.
 Thy brow is oft o'ercast with fear, my friend,
 When earth's fond pleasures beckon thee to come;
 Be not so strict, the way is gay at times;
 Join the light dance, and seek the loving smiles
 Of laughing girls, and drink the sparkling wine.
 Ha! Ha! Come, sober chum so dear of mine.

Victor— Who speaks? What spell so strange in-
 vades my breast,
 Which causes counsels good to fade away?
 A bard, who met me on a streamlet's brink,
 And gave me from his flask a sparkling drink
 Of water pure, that filled my soul with strength,
 And taught me of the sinful ways of earth,
 Marked out these sports as leading in the path
 That ends too oft in death, though seeming gay
 To be but painted follies, and as fed
 By fires of hell and votaries of the dead.

Rolf—A bard may thus his counsels thee have
 given,
 And told thee how to gain eternal joys,
 But bards there are of other ways and climes,
 Who sing the pleasures of our mortal days;
 A heaven of god-like joy on earth they crave,
 And mourn not here, believing they can keep,
 By righteous ways, a soul to live on high,
 In some pure sphere beyond the sun and stars.
 Nay, son of earth, possessed of strength and youth,
 Do not thus solemn journey over time
 And space, of pleasure wiles devoid,

And never bending to her happy smiles.
 Seek thou such (*points to hall of Salon now open*)
 glittering halls by damsels trod,
 Of gay and mirthful mien, who at thy will
 Shall nestle on your bosom in their love;
 Bards sang, 'ho such fair creatures once pleased
 Jove.'

Victor Nay, nay, friend Rolf, thou dost not
 counsel well;
 I am surprised to hear thee thus advise.

Rolf Well, follow me along the paths of earth,
 And get the gold; this will for thee procure
 Pleasures supreme, and praises of the world.

Victor—Nay, nay, 'twill drown my senses, dwarf
 my mind,
 Corrupt my soul, to worship naught but gold.

Rolf—Seek then the warrior's bright and dazzling
 height,
 Glory and honor crown his name with fame;
 Nations of wealth will court thy praise and name.
 See yonder turrets beauteous in the sun,
 Such shall you gain when all our work is o'er.
 See yonder lands with verdure clad and towns,
 Such will at length fall to thee through thy pow'r.
 Hast thou not read where war raged o'er the earth,
 When Greece was in her glory, pomp and pride,
 How Alexander like a comet flashed
 Across the red emblazoned fields of war,
 And won a world and made his name renowned?
 He too found pleasure in his wine, though bold,
 And happy maidens pleased him with their charms;
 He too delighted in this earth's sweet joys,
 He filled a life with honor, love and mirth.

Victor—And sank a victim to his lust and fame,
 As you well know, and dimmed a lustrous name:
 This illustration is not aptly made.
 The wild lament now hear I will repeat,
 Sung on the Rhine, by one who thought as thee.

LAMENT.

Thou, O glorious! Queen of rivers,
 Now the Germans; once the Franks;
 On thy face the sunbeam quivers,
 Swift thy waters, green thy banks.

Thou, O beauteous! let me linger
 On thy bosom night and day,
 Gliding o'er thee, looking 'round thee,
 Let me drive all care away.

Nay! 'tis vain, for memory haunts me,
 Opening all her mystic cells,
 Letting out the past upon me,
 And my history truly tells.

Scenes ungodly, wayward wand'ring,
 Insults to the Mighty God;
 Spurned too oft His heavenly mercies,
 Onward, deathward, have I trod.

Stop the throbings of my temples,
 Cool winds fanning now the stream;
 Maidens fair and joyous cheer me,
 Wrapt in anguish now I seem.

Sing the songs which oft have soothed me,
 Drive the terrors from my mind,
 Let me drink rich wines beside ye,
 Let me solace near ye find.

Nay, the winds but fan the wildfire
 Burning up my troubled soul;
 While the singing of the sirens
 Fills me with still greater dole.

Heavens! High Heavens! I now implore thee,
 Send some balm to heal my wounds;
 Send some power to check me; save me;
 Loud my doom my conscience sounds.

Hark! a voice from out my childhood
 Faintly breaks upon my ears;
 One that's full of love and sweetness;
 One unheard for many years.

Come to Me and I will cure thee
 Of thy anguish and thy dole;
 Cast thyself for mercy on Me,
 Saith the Savior of the soul.

Oft in secret, I will meet thee,
 Lost one, faint one, all alone;
 I will take thy burden from thee;
 I will guide thee to my home.

Enter Richard and companions under the influence of wine.

Rolf—See, here is Richard; all our jolly chums, They, while in Paris, seek her pleasing charms.

Richard and companions—

Come, Victor, come, a night of joy and mirth Is opened to us on our mother earth; With laughing girls we'll drive the night away, And seek the gayest pleasures ere the day.

Rolf—I'll be the leader, follow me, my chums. Hail! Paris, Queen, supreme thy dazzling joys.

Richard and companions, singing—

Hail! Paris, Queen of all the cities fair, None, none with thee for pleasure can compare. Go on, dear Rolf, we'll follow thee, proceed, Wine, love and pleasure, this our present need.

Hail! Paris, Queen of all the cities fair, None, none with thee for pleasure can compare. Go on, dear Rolf, we'll follow thee, proceed, Wine, love and pleasure, this our present—

Rolf—Creed.

Richard and others—Ha! ha! ha! Victor, this our present creed.

[All enter hall, leading Victor. The doors being now open show crowd of officers and girls gaily dressed within. Eva and companions advance to meet Rolf and others.]

Eva and companions, singing—

Come, join the dance, O welcome, welcome, all! Come, join the dance, and open now the ball; The champagne sparkles, music softly swells, Here brilliant pleasure all one's care dispels.

Rolf and others—We come to seek your dazzling charms to-night,

In your gay parlors find supreme delight.

Eva and companions, singing—

Come, join the dance, O welcome, welcome, all! Come, join the dance, and open now the ball.

Rolf and others—

Wine, love and pleasure, this our present creed, No other solace do our young souls need.

[All join in dance, except Victor and Eva.]

Eva [advancing toward Victor]—Join in the dance, let thy young heart be gay,
 For thou hast made our present mirth thy choice;
 Swing wide the gates of fun, here naught deters,
 No pleasures known to man needst thou to shun;
 No rigid rules restrain our hearts, all free;
 Come, dance with me, by music's soft refrain.

Victor [stepping back]—Nay ! woman, this I cannot do; though here,
 I do not make this present mirth my choice.
 O, woman ! thou first sent from God above,
 Symbol to be of purity and love;
 An angel thou of constant life and joy,
 But turned to beast , thou dost all life destroy;
 A fallen beast and angel both combined,
 When thou thy purity hath once resigned.

Eva—Stay ! curse me not, for I do know I'm lost.
 Lost ? lost fore'er! forever lost am I !

Victor—Nay, God, whose mercy ever lives, can save;
 Yes, free salvation through the Savior seek;
 If thou wilt turn, and heed that Savior's voice,
 Forsake thy sins, and in His love find peace;
 Then fly from hence, while shame still tints thy cheeks,
 While beauty, left from former, purer years,
 Still shows that innocence ere this was thine,
 Yes, fly from hence, to virtue's path return,
 Or thy faint soul will sink to unknown woes.

[*Firing of pistol heard in another part of parlors causing a general confusion.*]

Several—Murder! murder!
Officers— Police! police! police!
Eva and others—Who now is killed? What doth this turmoil mean?
 'Tis some of Rolf's wild crowd who've done this deed.
Police [entering from street.]—Who fired the shot?
 Let this confusion cease!
 Quick! lock the doors! Let none within escape!

Rolf, [aside to Victor, Rolf, Richard and others.]
—Quick! follow me and we can clear this row.

[*Exeunt Rolf, Victor and companions through secret panel in wall. They enter the street again and stop where Victor was first seen, near fountain, Eva following.*]

Rolf—Well, boys, we're safe, compose yourselves at once;

Speak not too loud, nor laugh; walk slowly on,
Or else the watchman, marching o'er the park,
Will catch the signal, and may stop our flight.

[*Eva approaches them.*]

What! who is this that follows us so near?
Our doom is sealed if they see her with us;
For it is Eva—Victor, bid her leave,
But let her not your sober heart deceive.

[*Victor stops to meet Eva, others walk on.*]

Eva—Thou bidst me fly! O whither shall I fly?
Scorned by the world, accursed by Him above;
No friend to shelter me from want or sin;
Can I begin a life of virtue still?

Victor—Hear, woman, quietly what I advise;
Since you your life of shame, at length despise,
Turn to some labor, humble though it be,
Fraught with no evil to the world or thee.
Many there are who work from morn till eve,
Earn food and clothes, o'er sins they need not grieve;
Hard seems their lot, yet not so hard to bear
As toils of those whose sins are all their care.
Here, take this money, and make no delay;
The city leave; find work; to thy God pray.

[*Exeunt all except Eva, who assumes the attitude of prayer.*]

Eva—O Jesus, Son of the Highest!

Brother of all men!

Child of the Virgin!

Hear the prayer of the humble;

Bow Thine ear to the lowly,

Hearken to me, O Jesus, Son of the Highest.

Feebly I kneel on the earth and implore Thee,

Angel in heaven,

Now to forgive me.

Loosing the shackles of woe and despair,
 Loosing the burden of sin,
 O Jesus! Being of Mercy, Being of Love.

Thou, O Holy, knowest the burden
 Heavily weighing me down to the earth.

Take it, I pray Thee,
 Granting me pardon,

Resting upon Thee, Jesus, Son of the Highest!
 Mighty and good.

Amen.

ACT IV.—TABLEAU VIII.

SCENE—Ems. A favorite bathing place on the Lahn, in Prussia. Grand Salons or parlors of principal hotel, which open into a beautiful garden on right hand side. On the left of salon are tables arranged for playing "Rouge et Noir." Music—a lively waltz heard; everything illuminated and in elegant style. Several couples ready for dance in parlors. Russian and Prussian military officers in uniform. Ladies of distinction, French, American and English gentlemen and ladies. Some play at games in room on left back from main parlor in front, while others stroll over, or sit in garden on right hand side. A very gay scene.

VICTOR VON RIESENKAMPF AND ROLF DEMONDE IN FOREGROUND.

Rolf—The happy dance moves on, and round and round

The joyous dancers turn with measured steps;
 Sweet music fills the air with gladdening strain,
 And floats upon the breeze with mellow sound;
 The moon-lit fountains splash with merry song,
 And add fresh charming notes to those in-doors.
 Beauty is here adorned with gems and pearls,
 With blooming youth profuse with grace and love;
 Scented the air with flow'rs, and rare perfumes
 Which fill the dazzling compass of the scene.

Victor—Yes; there is seeming joy and cloudless mirth

In this broad way of fashion and of wealth.

Rolf—There is fair Rosa; I will introduce Her to you, Victor; she is nobly born, Wealthy and ancient all her family.

Victor—

Wait! wait!

Rolf—No! no! Come, Victor. My young friend, Victor von Riesenkampf, who travels here, And haileth from America! My friend, Rosa von Wichtenstein, a princess, sir, Of ancient and of noble family.

Rosa—I am most happy your acquaintance, sir, To make. It gives me pleasure thus to meet Great travelers from proud America. I speak some English, and delight to use The little knowledge I possess of it.

Victor—I, too, am pleased the privilege to have Of making the acquaintance of one blest With such high birth, nobility of name, And, may I add, of nature as possessed by thee.

Rosa—'Tis true, our name is noble, and hath been For centuries; yet I will this not heed, But meet a free and learned American On that broad cosmopolitan standpoint Where princes, scholars, artists all are one.

Victor—I think you are too kind; but noble names Do not confuse Americans, for they As free-born souls old Europe travel o'er, Filled with the spirit of the land they love. I came here to gain knowledge in your schools Far-famed for learning as is Heidelberg; Here I now study; the ambition have A name to earn, and to rise with the few, In strength and power above the host of men.

Rosa—To rule and guide them with your talents, sir, You are but echoing the thoughts most wise Of our nobility. Thus oft do speak My brothers, too, of their ten talents rare, For youths, you know, think they have never less, Though scarcely more than one the most can show.

Victor—'Tis true; you judged my thoughts.

Rolf—Not bad, I'm sure.

Rosa—Nay! nay! Not bad at all. He only needs Title and name, prestige and family, To soon become a worthy nobleman.

Victor—I must not thus be judged. Let me explain:

But first, a name I have—von Riesenkampf,
 Or giants-fight; for valiant deeds achieved
 Some ancient ancestor was made a knight.
 I now seek knowledge, wealth and place, 'tis true;
 And hope to gain position, station, name;
 When I have this, my power to exercise
 O'er men subject to me, I shall expect
 'Twill be for their best good, still held in bounds
 By laws which make their chosen rulers serve
 At bidding of the ruled.

Rolf— That is but just.

Victor—'Tis not so here where princes rule.

Rosa— 'Tis true.

We have no laws that us compel to act
 As those we rule do wish; they must obey.

Victor—Yes; rulers they can't choose.

Rosa— But heaven can—

Rolf—Come, friends, now dance and leave for
 older heads

To settle the great question you debate
 Of government.

Victor— Can I the pleasure have
 Of dancing with Princess von Wichtenstein?

Rosa—O yes, Sir Victor.

Victor— 'Tis a gay waltz
 That now is being played. [They dance.]

Rolf [Aside]—Ha! ha! We'll see.

Victor [Stopping at window]—Miss—oh! pardon,
 Princess von Wichtenstein,
 I fear I do not fully understand
 Your German dances, but I soon shall learn.

Rosa—Pardon, good sir, I must correct you now,
 For you addressed me "Miss;" I am Madame—
 Madame von Wichtenstein; my husband now
 Is with his regiment in Austria.

Victor— You are his bride?

Rosa—Ah! truly.

Victor— And doth Rolf know this?

Rosa— Of course;
 He is acquainted with my husband well.
 I cannot see why he has told you not.

Victor—O, 'tis most singular, I do admit.

Rosa—O, never mind; you still shall be my friend;
Come, let us walk upon the promenade.

[*Victor and Rosa enter gardens.*]

The moon moves slowly up the clear blue sky—
You little thought that Rosa was a bride?

Victor—Nay, madame; I am much surprised.

Rosa—

Well! well!

We oft may meet, my friend, 'mid gayest scenes
Where beauty, love, and fashion cast their light.
It gives me pleasure to converse with you.

Victor—Thou payest me a compliment, madame.

Rosa—Nay! Nay! I love gay company, good sir.
My husband is so very old and grave—
And when I bid this place a last farewell
To seek my home amid its charms to live,
You then must visit me, and read, and sing,
Or play your flute, for I shall need, I know,
Some lively company to turn my mind
From vexing cares.

Victor— You are too kind, madame.

Rosa—Nay! nay! I often have young company
To drive the tedious hours away—

Victor— And Rolf.

Rosa—Yes; Rolf has often played roulette with
me,
And met my husband, the proud General;
He may be there. But tell me of your land—
Of the Niagara, which is far-famed.

Victor—Niagara is grand—a boisterous scene
Below, where waters boil, and rave, and speed,
Which, with tremendous leaps, the gulf have gained
With their swift, pond'rous spring and steady whirl,
While high above in clouds the mists ascend,
And blend all colors of the rainbow bright.
As armies rushing madly at the foe
With bayonets reflecting rays of light,
So sweep the waters down the rushing stream,
Illumined by the sun or moon's bright rays.
Here; read what I did write when near the scene,
And prove to me how well you know our tongue.

[Victor takes small book from his pocket and hands to his companion.]

Rosa—reading:

Naught but the stars behold me led this night,
 By wayward chance to watch the noble sight,
 High on the Terrapin to gaze below,
 Or passing o'er the bridge, with footsteps slow;
 Or on the Isle of Luna gazing 'round
 Upon the waters as they swiftly bound;
 Beneath this tree on Iris I will rest,
 And as this scene with rapture fills my breast,
 I'll tune my harp and raise my voice in song,
 Which waves shall echo as they rush along.
 Roll on, proud waters, swiftly glide,
 With magic strength within thy tide;
 Roll on till thou hast worn a path
 To Erie in thy changeless wrath,
 Or rolling, roll till comes that day
 When all of earth shall melt away.
 Here pleased I'll stop to view this wondrous thing
 And listen to its rolling waters sing.

Thou, bold Niagara! now hear

The swelling notes I sing to thee;
 Receive and cherish long the tear
 I parting drop, and think of me.
 The rolling surge but beats reply,
 Cry freedom e'er, for that sing I!

For ages thou wilt boil and surge,
 The stars above thee long shall shine,
 But soon o'er me the funeral dirge
 May melancholy upward chime.
 The rolling surge but beats reply,
 Cry freedom e'er, for that sing I!

But hark! a soul this dust illumes
 I'm sure can never, never die;
 Although the earth my form entombs,
 'Twill sink below, or rise on high.
 The rolling surge but beats reply,
 Cry freedom e'er, for that sing I!

Adieu! adieu! ye waters proud;
 Adieu, till I again return;
 Bound e'er as now with thunders loud,

And all encroachments madly spurn.
The rolling surge but beats reply,
Cry freedom, freedom e'er sing I!

Rosa—That is superb, my friend, and pleases me.
I find you are a poet, and must see
More of your writings ere we part. Ah! hear:
Soon to my country seat I shall return;
Then you will favor me by coming there;
Read me your travels, then, and sing with me.
Now do you promise this, dear sir?

Victor— I— yes—
How can I then refuse?

Rosa— You are too kind.
There I can see you; here you read, and sing;
You shall be happy I will guarantee;
None shall disturb us in my proud chateau.
So now, adieu! till we shall meet again.

[*Exit Rosa.*]

ENTER ROLF.

Rolf—Well, Victor, have you then enjoyed yourself
This eve, at least, with Rosa at your side?

Victor— Mademoiselle you led me to suppose
Rosa to be, but, she instead thereof,
Proves now to be Madame von Wichtenstein,
Bride of the General von Wichtensteir,
Commanding Prussian troops in Austria.

Rolf—Well, what of that? is she not merry still?
Good company for such young lads as you.
What say you now?

Victor—Oh, truly she is, Rolf.

Rolf—Come with me to the bright salon and see
Me play roulette and rouge et noir; or try
Your fortune, my fair boy, yourself.

Victor— Go on;
I will not play, lest fortune I possess
Shall waste away.

Rolf— You mean the legacy?

Victor—Ah! truly, even such an one as I
Can boast, 'tis small; but were it larger still

By tens of thousands, I should never risk
One pound upon the gambler's treach'rous cloth.

[They enter salon.]

Rolf—I thank my stars that I no scruple have
So foolish and absurd. Now see me win.

[*Rolf places several gold pieces on cloth and wins several times.*]

You see how fortune favors me.

Victor— Nay! nay!

The devil only coaxes you along.

Rolf—The devil, do you say? a clever soul
To let me win in this delightful way.

Victor—There! look at him, who loses as you win;
Sad, worn, dejected; on his face despair
Broods like grim death upon some guilty man,
Who staring wildly, sees impending woe,
Eternal justice threat'ning his just dues.
See! now he turns and rushes madly forth,
For all is gone; he soon may end his life.

Rolf—Pshaw! foolish youth, what sentiments are
these
For one who's seen the world—

Victor— Seen but to dread!
I shall the rash man stop. [Turns to stranger, who
is hurrying away.] Stay! stranger, stay!
I wish a word with thee.

Kaminsky [Turning wildly to *Victor*]
—Now.
All is lost!

Rolf—Pshaw! I must leave, so fare thee well.

Victor— Adieu.
Stranger, a word with you. [Exit *Rolf*.]

Kaminsky— Well sir, I wait.

Victor—You've lost at gambling then, this night?

Kaminsky— Yes, yes.

Victor—I hope you do not contemplate some act
In your despairing mood you will regret.

Kaminsky—Why should I live? tortured and
racked my brain!

All's lost! fortune and friends! my country's foe!

Victor—Why so? Whence art thou, then?

Kaminsky— Russia my home;

Reared in her frigid clime; more frigid still
 Her laws, despotic, and unjust. Why, sir,
 A princely fortune I did once possess,
 Landed estates, and houses, money, plate;
 In one brief hour all these were swept away.
 I, to escape eternal winter's reign
 In cold Siberia, have fled with naught
 To keep me in a strange, unfriendly land.

Victor—Why didst thou fly, or lose thy princely wealth
 In Russia's northern realm?

Kaminsky—In business
 We must compete with the nobility, you know;
 They form the laws, these undermine our trade;
 They thus enrich themselves by knowing first
 The order things will take. A law is passed,
 Severe and arbitrary; 'tis not known
 By all at once, but this, if heeded not,
 Brings down the sword of Russian justice
 Upon the merchant; forfeited his goods
 Are to the crown; his trade another gains,
 Linked in with noblemen, while he must fly
 Or be transported to Siberian mines.

Victor—Caligula thus published out of sight his laws.
 How conscienceless such men!

Kaminsky—Yes, barbarous!
 And barbarous the Russian government;
 Its policy from a barbaric age
 Is formed; Cæsar to Czar is changed, and Rome
 With her fierce legions in St. Petersburg
 And Moscow will again appear; from thence
 Start out for conquests fresh, and vast domain;
 Cohorts in legions 'round the polar throne
 Are gathering each day, training for war;
 Soon the command of the proud Czar will be—
 "Forward! First south, then to the Orient!"
 Sprinkled the crescent then will be with blood;
 The clamor of resounding arms will sound
 Where rest the Patriarchs, and Jesus wept
 Over a lost, ungrateful, darkened world.
 Peace will be driven, then, from earth once more;
 Surrounding planets gaze upon the earth

Blood-stained and belching forth hot fire,
 Awe stricken, and with silent horror dumb.
 Empire, dominion, power the Czar will have;
 Fall back, ye Mussulmans, or else fall down
 And yield to modern Cæsar's will!

Victor—

But, sir,

The Turks have Christians persecuted, killed;
 This Russia's Czar, the head of the Greek Church,
 Assumes the right to stop, by armed force,
 Raised up, he'll say by Providence to guard
 The Christian Church in Turkey's broad domain.

Kaminsky— This the pretext—behind which Russia's plans,

Formed by the Czar and the nobility, will move
 To their completion; the color of right
 Thus given to designs of conquest bold—
 But what care I for this who have lost all?
 No home or country, money, friends, or hope!

Victor— Would'st thou, my friend, go to America
 If 'twere within your pow'r, and there again
 Try fortune to regain?

Kaminsky— America!

Hope you inspire once more within my breast!
 To me that land a port of rest hath seemed
 For the oppressed of every state enthralled
 By monarchs stern, and arbitrary rule;
 Yet, what shall I do there? how travel hence?

Victor— I shall obtain the means; Sir, Rolf assist;
 Leave that to me; we shall the Consul see;
 Letters obtain to men well known to us,
 Who will extend a welcome hand to you.
 'Twere well we see him at his office soon;
 Your name and occupation I must know.

Kaminsky— Surely, kind sir, Kaminsky, sir, my name;

My occupation of late years has been
 Exchange of staple products of our land
 For those of England, France and Germany;
 Saltpeter one, the rock on which I wrecked
 My fortune and my name.

Victor—

Saltpeter, sir?

How so?

Kaminsky—It was made contraband of war
 Two days ago. My ships, then freighted, seized
 With all my other goods, my lands, and all.
 I, by no fault of mine, have thus lost all.
 I have a friend, a writer for the stage,
 Comic and tragical his plays, who speaks
 English with ease; he to America
 Desires to go; banished he too and free;
 He hath some means.

Victor— A dramatist, you say?
 I shall give him then letters to the *Times'*
 Dramatic critic, and the *Tribune's* too,
 Chicago's morning papers widely read;
 A princely start they, sir, your friend can give
 By saying a few words of praise for him,
 And if they cut at all, they then may spare,
 And cut him lightly with their master pens.
 For critics earn their bread by picking flaws;
 Hence, they might ruin him with their cute saws.

ACT IV.—TABLEAU IX.

SCENE—Dense forest near Ems on Lahn. Thunderstorm approaching. Cave in mountain on right. Enter Raphael with harp.

Raphael—The earth, dependent on the will of God
 Sovereign Supreme of all the universe,
 Moves unimpeded in its circling course,
 And o'er its rugged surface sweep the winds
 Unbridled in their fierce unruly flight;
 While in the skies o'erhead black clouds collect,
 And clashing as they roll, electric fires
 Flash with untiring energy therefrom.
 The sound of deep-toned thunder then is heard,
 That follows soon with slower pace than light;
 Commotion grand in air and ocean reigns,
 And rock-bound coasts of ocean stay the floods
 Of mountain waves which lash the sides of earth.
 The air and water, leaving, torn with wrath,

And seeking rest of nature 'mid the rocks
 Piled in gigantic heaps along the plains.
 We find them marr'd by subterranean fires,
 Which, bursting through, hurl rocks and lava forth;
 The earth they shake with their internal force.
 Anon God breathes upon the troubled scene
 And silence rests among the elements;
 His glowing sun dispenses light and warmth,
 And verdure ripens in its genial rays;
 The landscape seems to smile with joy and life,
 And winds and waters cease their noisy strife.

[*Exit.*]

ENTER VICTOR.

Victor—Within this tangled forest, hedged about
 By rugged rocks upheaved from depths profound,
 Where moaning winds and dark o'erhanging clouds
 The landscape all enshroud with dreary gloom—
 Near by this silent stream that gurgles on,
 I stand, while driving winds rush by me fast.
 Dark are the thoughts that sweep across my mind,
 They darker than these clouds surcharged with rain,
 My passions lead me headlong to obey,
 While conscience holds my troubled soul in check.
 Her love and beauty now upon me call,
 To meet her in her hospitable home.
 She bids me leave behind this lonely life,
 There with her pleasure, love and joy to find.
 Oh, fair young Rosa, one your love now claims,
 Before your God you vowed him e'er to love.
 Yes, she is his; her love for me is vain,
 And vain for me her love to seek or wish;
 Avaunt! wrong thoughts, which lead me to desire
 That he might die in battle's fi'ry whirl,
 And thus enable me her yet to gain,
 With all her youth and beauty. I, like Cain,
 Would wander, with a mark upon my brow,
 And bear the curse that seems to haunt me here;
 Victoria's image rises in my soul,
 Back of those clouds, her star e'en now doth shine.
 Ill-omened hour when Rosa and I met
 At Ems on Lahn. Hear now the driving wind!
 The livid lightnings rend the threatening sky,
 The howling tempest rushes madly past;
 The blackened clouds collect, the thunders roll,

All nature frowns! naught, naught doth me console.
 Quickly I fly for shelter to this cave;
 I here can save myself from drenching rains.
 Hark! the thunder-clap! See! the lightning's flash!
 To earth, with crackling sound, a tree doth fall;
 See, like a serpent, with a fearful bound
 Leaps the electric fluid past the cave;
 Darkness of midnight settles in its train;
 Till pierced again by serpents' fiery tongues.

[*A wild boar springs into the cave.*]

A tusky boar springs at me from the night;
 It leaps upon me in its savage strength.
 I have no weapon but my fearless will;
 But with a nerve of steel the beast I'll slay.

[*Seizes the boar by its jaws and rends them apart.*]

I've seized its jaws, and torn them wide apart;
 Thus Samson with his strength the lion slew,
 And David after him before he killed
 Goliah, as he felt his God had willed.
 Within my grasp the strangled boar expires.

[*A panther leaps into cave.*]

What! here's a panther, come with nimble step
 To meet me in this cavern, face to face.
 He who hath slain one foe is nerved to fight
 Another one, and put to flight or kill.

[*Victor hurls dead boar at panther.*]

The mangled boar against the beast I've hurled,
 See, lightning flashes light the darkness 'round,
 And crouched upon the ground the panther lies.
 I'll strike the wounded creature with this stone
 Of sharp and ragged sides until it dies.

[*Strikes panther with sharp stones until it dies.*]

[*A fawn comes into the cave.*]

Now comes a fawn that must have known this cave,
 Which fleet of foot hath flown for shelter here.
 The young and tender deer I shall detain,
 With winning words I shall dispel its fear.
 Come hither, little fawn with silv'ry feet
 Which carry thee o'er forests light and fleet;
 Come hither, let me guard them from all harm.
 Let me caress thee with my nervous arm.

[*Victor plays with fawn.*]

The hours move slowly, but the darkened night
 Is driven back before the glowing sun.
 Which bursting through the mists its rays are cast
 With luster o'er the clouds that haste away,
 I now go forth to meet the gladd'ning dawn,
 And lead from out the cave the loving fawn.

[*Victor sees Raphael playing on harp.*]

Why, there! it is my friend, the bard, I see
 Playing his well-tuned harp; a hymn he sings;
 The sweet refrain through vale and woodland rings.

Raphael—[*Plays harp and sings:*]

Awake! Awake!
 The magic lyre,
 Of all creation's beauty take;
 And sweep its strings
 Until it rings,
 And sets to music heaven's fire.

The rolling earth,
 From hour to hour,
 Around its orbit speeds with mirth,
 And planets bound,
 With joyous sound,
 Rejoicing all in sun's bright power.

The dazzling sun
 Moves ever on,
 The planets journey with the sun
 A brilliant star,
 'Mong suns afar,
 His orbit 'round bright Alcyone.

Victor—Happy am I to meet my aged friend,
 Who e'er in trouble can my spirits cheer.
 The night hath been a fearful one for me,
 And I am glad to greet thee and the morn.
 All unawares, I fear, I'll stray away,
 Urged by my passion and the world's affairs,
 From paths so plainly marked for me in youth,
 By those now come to save my soul from death.
 Withheld from wrong by the tempestuous night,
 I slew two beasts and kept from flight this fawn.

Raphael—Son of this earth, who doth in me e'er
 trust,

For you, for all, the Lord was crucified;
 Turn to that Savior, He alone can cure
 A soul oppressed, and give thee lasting peace.
 The night just passed your passions have portrayed,
 This brilliant morn bespeaks Christ's beaming light,
 From which sin's stormy night e'er hastes away;
 Symbolical of vanquished sins, my son,
 Those beasts which you have bravely overcome;
 The fawn illustrates innocence retained;
 A darkened soul is like that cave of gloom.

Victor—Thus nature hath myself to me betrayed.

Raphael—Now heed my words, young man, and
 thou canst live,

Free from the care all sins are sure to cause.
 Here seat thee, on this bold and rugged rock,
 Within the view of yonder castle walls,
 Whence we can view the river's winding course.

Victor—Thy amiable talk doth please me well.
 Sir, new-made friends of speech and manner fair,
 With their seductive ways and songs and mirth
 Me oft bewilder, and I fear to join
 Their pleasures vain, and troubles then do rise
 Around my path.

Raphael—The heavens above with clouds
 Are often black, and vivid lightning rends
 The curtains huge of deep and vapory mist
 Which shut the starry heavens out; the sky
 Appeareth like a troubled mind, and strives
 This incubus to throw aside; beyond,
 Behind it, are the peaceful heavens still,
 Sparkling with light, with beauty and repose;
 Thus back of all our temporary griefs
 Remain the heavens calm of quietude
 To reappear to lives of those whose souls
 Are still at peace with nature and her God,
 Believing in His Son now glorified.

Victor—Yea, my dear friend, I understand it well.

Raphael—Not fully sin's effects the body feels,
 Its taints the character far better shows,
 Fear most its vile effects upon the soul
 That doth control all actions of one's life.

Victor—How can these blots be then expunged
 Men's lives becloud? [that thus

Raphael— Christ can efface them all;
 The soul redeemed, the body keeps from vice;
 The body free, which Christian soul enfolds,
 From those effects that sin is sure to cause.

Victor—But if man wilfully defies God's laws,
 Can he be saved?

Raphael— God's mercy boundless is;
 But man, beware! who violates God's laws,
 And with defiant hand attempts to thwart
 Eternal justice, and repenteth not;
 Blame never God, all mercy and all love,
 For what results. If from some dizzy height
 One leaps, expecting to alight all safe,
 In spite of the attractive power of earth,
 That hope is vain; nor is less vain his hope
 Who wilfully God's moral law defies;
 Or seeks revenge by taking human lives,
 Or gains his riches e'er through theft and fraud,
 Or passion follows with unbridled will;
 To laws immutable he soon must yield,
 As the dark night is made to scatter e'er
 As earth moves 'round and meets the sun's bright
 rays.

Victor—Can man compel the soul to cease from
 sin

And commune with its God?

Raphael— Who seeks the Lord
 Will find Him e'er as He hath said; this try;
 Then will the soul more perfect e'er become.
 Eternal life belongeth to the soul;
 The earth is not its only home or sphere;
 Upon a little isle begins our race,
 A sea of boundless space on every side;
 Labor supreme demands the soul's high powers,
 From earth to heaven the godlike genius towers.

Victor—Are men, then, free to act their will and
 thoughts?

Raphael—Free, but God's changeless laws sur-
 round them still,
 And will overtake them when they least expect;
 It matters not their sect, or power, or age.

Victor—Did God's unbending laws o'ertake the
 Jews,
 Who Pilate's plea for Jesus would not heed,

But in the name of justice crucified
The Innocent?

Raphael— God heard His Son's last prayer,
“Father forgive, they know not what they do.”
The mercy purchased by that sacrifice
The penalty hath paid of broken laws.

Victor—But man must still repent?

Raphael— Yea, truly so;
The crucifixion of the Savior, sent
From God Himself, was cause for wrath divine,
Which God withheld for reasons wise and good;
A flashing comet speeding toward the sun
To atoms could have dashed unrighteous earth,
To common ruin all its people hurled,
Or fires internal burst in fury forth;
The sin-bedarkened world thus wrapt in flames,
Or sun, with scorching rays and quickened heat,
Dispersed all life and moisture in its blaze,
And left this planet barren like the moon.
Instead thereof, Christ left the precious gift
Of free salvation to a dying race.

ACT IV—TABLEAU X.

SCENE—A building on the Neckar, a short distance from Heidelberg, used for dueling. Long room with sawdust on the floor. Swords, boxing-gloves, masks, and different instruments used in dueling by students hang upon the wall and lie on the floor. Keg of beer and mugs. Bandages, surgical instruments, &c., scattered about.

TIME—Evening.

[Enter Rolf and Richard in haste, who throw themselves quickly into position and commence fighting with swords.

Richard—I shall wait for no seconds! My blood is up, and calls for revenge! You treacherous villain! abuser of confidence! knave! you diabolical combination of rascality and deviltry! She told me all, and tells me I am no man; have no regard for her honor if I do not avenge the insult you have given her!

Rolf—Pshaw! Fool, and empty-headed simpleton! to get your blood up and risk spilling it for that shrew who is known, where known at all, well enough to be let alone. [Richard strikes at him.] Hold, there, or I will spill your blood.

Richard—Sir, her honor is in question, and I caution you to add no further insult by your scurrilous words. I am the champion of this woman's honor, and shall defend it to the last.

[Goes at Rolf with renewed energy.]

Rolf—Defend it to the last. Her honor is already a thing of the past. [They fight in earnest.]

Enter an old man, who takes care of hall.

Old Man—At it they go; right and left, up and down,

Parry here, parry there; swords are crossed, and they halt;

Again the swords fly right, left, up and down;

Parry here, parry there, and quick they pass.

Hist! ho! a cut! see there! the blood doth flow!

Who's victor? Rolf, who's cut flesh first, by Jove! Come! seconds interpose! and doctor dress the wounds!

Honor's vindicated; and a face chipped!

Enter Victor and students.

Victor—Why, my good sirs, could you not wait for your seconds? Why this haste?

Rolf—O, this fellow, who has been living of late in the fool's paradise now imagines Satan has entered it, and tempted into forbidden paths his fair Eve.

Richard—Give me my sword, I shall at him again!

Victor and others—Hold! Richard, you have fought enough. We wish this quarrel settled without further bloodshed. See! you are bleeding profusely.

Rolf—I have no desire to continue it longer: I prefer peace and pleasure to strife and barren, senseless trouble, such as the ignorant and foolish bring upon themselves.

Richard—He hath insulted an honorable and fair

lady who hath made me the champion and avenger of the indignity heaped upon her by this false-hearted rascal.

Rolf—O, my noble chevalier! show her your wounds; they cannot but satisfy her strong desire to have you avenge her injuries.

Richard—Give me my sword; I shall at him again.

Victor and others—Hold, Richard, hold! let us settle this controversy. *Rolf*, desist, and let us have no further cause for strife.

Rolf—Here, Richard, I extend my hand to you in token of my desire to settle this difficulty as our friends desire.

Richard—But her honor! her honor has not been vindicated. Sir, retract your assaults upon her fair name.

Rolf Fool! she has no honor left; I tell you, simpleton, that is something counted with the things of the past with which we have no special interest—we high-minded, unexceptionable gentlemen. Rosa, known as the Princess Rosa Von Wichtenstein, is beautiful, as, *Victor*, you well know, although you escaped the plot laid for you into which *Richard* has fallen; but her name and character only a fascinated simpleton would defend.

Victor—What! Rosa Von Wichtenstein? Great heavens!

Richard—Am I compelled to hear these scandalous assertions reiterated, and be deprived of the privilege of satisfying this assault upon the integrity of this fair lady in accordance with the code of honor? Who has a copy of that code of which I have heard so much?

Rolf Ah! sir, I have one; in fact, I am the author of the most recent revision of the “Gentlemen’s Code of Honor.” I shall have my servant bring you a copy with the author’s compliments.

Richard—Can you state some of the rules of this code?

Rolf—Surely, sir. The first rule is stated thus, viz.: No gentleman shall allow his own or his lady’s honor to be assaulted without challenging the offender, and obtaining an honorable vindication of the injury —

Richard—That is just what I thought; but how is he to gain this vindication if he gets beaten by the other fellow? That is the point at issue at the present moment.

Rolf—Ah! I hold that in this particular case there was no valid ground for a challenge; that the assumed fact, to-wit.: that the lady's honor was assaulted, did not exist.

Richard—Give me my sword. I must fight this villain.

Several—Hold, Richard, hold! Let us settle this difficulty between you, gentlemen.

Rolf—Ah! excuse me, sirs; I meant no offense either to you or the lady's honor.

Richard—Why, sir, even now in plain language you assailed her honor again.

Rolf—Ha! ha! ha! Why, sir, how could this be when her honor ceased to be a thing capable of being assaulted years ago? Had I said what I have said five years ago, you may have had a good cause for your challenge.

Richard—Well, sir; suppose that under those circumstances, I had fought you and had been severely wounded, but not killed, in the duel, then, what? where would the vindication come in?

Rolf—Oh! that's the question we must answer in our next edition, revised and corrected by Richard LaForce, the champion duelist and the valiant Don Quixote of the present century.

[*Torchlight procession passes, and all walk to the door of hall. Students dressed with high boots, white pants, blue coats, and small hats with various colored bands on them indicating the different clubs.*]

Students—

“ *Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvens dum sumus ;
Post jocundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.* ”

“ *Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere ?* ”

Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

“ Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter
Nemini parcetur.

“ Vena academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quaelibet,
Semper sint in flore.

“ Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ !
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ, amabiles,
Bonæ, laboriosæ.

“ Vivat et respublica,
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

“ Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores !”

[After the procession has passed by, Victor, alone, leaves the hall, the doors of which are closed, thus ending the scene. Victor walks to the left of stage, where the banks of the Neckar appear in sight, and back from it is a graveyard, with tombstones and graves.

Victor—How lovely now the scene around appears !

The Neckar, with its hills and gentle flow,
Yon castle mounted on the verdant slope
To ruins crumbling 'neath the hand of time ;
Gay Heidelberg, resounding, as thou dost
So often, with the students' merry laugh ;

Their caps of red, or white, or blue make known
 The order of their *kneipes*, or students' clubs ;
 Loud is the song of youths in joyous strains—
 Latin or German songs, which fill the air ;
 And gaily sparkle in the evening dusk
 The torches, while the music of the band
 Fills the hushed air with melody of sound.
 Assembled they are now to honor thus,
 With long procession, torch, and band, and song,
 Some learned professor with their marked esteem.
 Invet'rate fencers these same students are,
 With swords, and dressed in style of ancient knights,
 And wearing buckskin in the place of steel,
 They meet to practice in the fencing hall ;
 Here masks are worn — 'tis exercise and sport ;
 But when they thus have learned the art of war
 They needs must rush into the heat of fight,
 And, at the slightest cause, they take offense ;
 A challenge then is sent — the clubs convene —
 Seconds are chosen by the friends of each —
 Arranged the duel to adjust all wrongs.
 At early morn they leave the corp'rate bounds,
 Antagonists and seconds, with their friends —
 Police belong in town, and cannot interfere —
 Swords for two ; coffee for six. No masks now !
 With iron specs, and their wrists protected,
 With faces bare, the conflict soon begins.
 This duel stirred up by wild Rolf DeMonde
 Proved but a farce. Poor Richard was his dupe !
 And fought it was, at evening place of morn.

[Enter a bright ethereal figure dressed in white,
 representing Memory.]

O Memory ! thou never-wearied friend !
 Companion sweet of youth, and follower
 In all my solitary walks. Advance.
 Art thou immortal, and constructed thus,
 That thou dost live forevermore with man,
 Lending thine aid to his bright intellect ?
 O, thou divinity ! in spotless robes,
 Purer than light ! naught can obliterate
 Thy image grand, sublime, and like a god ;
 Thou dost delight and torment human souls !
 Come, whisper music of the past to me,
 Tell not its woes unless I thee command ;

Now thou appearest as the midnight star,
 Which shineth brilliantly upon me oft ;
 Thy face resplendent shines with glowing light,
 As perfect as the universe thy form.
 Commence thy song—

Memory, singing—

Youth of the hazel locks !
 Far o'er the sea we've been,
 Often the lonely rocks
 And the lone shores we've seen.

Watched the bright rivers, too,
 Sweeping through valleys green,
 Beauteous in spring to view,
 Ever we've happy been;

Listened to music sweet ;
 Watched the bright sun at dawn ;
 Seen the white clouds retreat
 Over great cities gone.

Bounding o'er ocean wild,
 Viewing the storm around ;
 On the deep rivers mild
 Joy we have found.

Victor—Now cease thy cherished song, O Memory ;

Let me reflect in undisturbed repose,
 Conjecturing what future days will bring.

[*Spirit vanishes.*]

And now I reach, in my lone rambles here,
 A silent graveyard ! and around behold
 The tombs of many princes, lords and dukes !

Ye slumb'ring men, when ye shall wake
 Beneath the earth's tremendous quake,
 And stand before the Judgment Bar—
 Then shall your God divide you far.

Some then shall wonder at His will,
 And linger in amazement still,
 When He shall thunder loud, “ Depart,
 Ye unredeemed and vile of heart ! ”

And when the good He'll gently raise
Up to His bosom, they will praise,
And loudly sing, and chant His name,
While angels join and shout the same !

ENTER RICHARD.

Richard, talking to himself—I shall have satisfaction ! Her honor shall be vindicated ! I should like to see, by Jove, that Code of Honor Rolf has. That Rolf is a regular devil anyhow ! always getting me into scrapes, and then ridiculing me. I'll fix him yet ! I'll—I'll—O, see ! here's a graveyard ! Don't fancy graveyards at night ! What's that yonder ? 'Tis an animated wandering ghost ! Deuce ! which way shall I turn ?

[Enter Rolf enveloped in a long white gown, and eyes sparkling like coals of fire.]

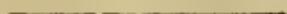
Rolf, in a sepulchral voice—

Spirits of dead men are moving, moving ;
In the mystic night they're roving, roving ;
They'd clamber to the skies if able, able ;
All my spirits I do label, label ;
Here is one approaching. Hold, there ! hold,
there ! [Seizes Richard.]

Richard—I am no spirit.

Rolf—You ? take care, take care.

Victor, walking up to Richard and Rolf—
I say, Rolf, take off that mask and sheet, and let poor Richard alone.



ACT V.—TABLEAU XI.

SCENE—Washington, D. C. An elegantly-furnished chamber lighted by elaborate chandeliers. Full-size painting of a United States officer in uniform on wall. Large marble-top rosewood bureau, and fine mirror on one side. Victoria, dressed for ball, standing in front of it, arranging pearls in her hair. Windows hung with lace curtains. Floor covered with heavy Brussels carpet; all furniture very elaborate.

VICTORIA (SOLUS).

Victoria—A dread suspicion troubles now my mind !

Sir Rolf De Monde from Victor brings this note,
That's written in his bold and well-known hand.
I feel uneasy when this friend is near
Of my loved Victor ! still I know not why—
A foreigner of fine address is he ;
I promised to attend with him the ball.

[*Turns to painting.*]

O my brave father, would that thou still lived !
Too noble thou, and kind, to die so young !
Oh, cruel war, that tore thee from my side,
And laid thee cold and dumb within the tomb.
A year has past ! my heart yearns for thee still ;
Now I will read aloud those lines again,
That thou composed o'er me when but a babe.

[*Takes up a worn paper, kisses it, and reads.:*]

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER, VICTORIA.

Sleep, gentle infant, in thy tiny couch ;
Thy breath alone breaks now the silence 'round,
While over thee sweet slumber softly steals,
And pleasant dreams bring smiles upon thy lips.
The Sabbath hours are passing noiselessly,
And nature sinks into a gentle calm,
As if a winged angel glided past
And hushed the place with holy influence.
Sweet infant, beautiful and fair art thou,
With thy broad brow, those blushing velvet cheeks,
And silken tresses that adorn thy head !
Now, in thy peaceful home, all joy and love,
Naught from the troubled world disturbs thee yet !
And as thy days glide smoothly on their way,
Fond joys and merry thoughts begirt thee 'round,
And what shall, then, thy future be, sweet one ?
Cannot an angel thy fond father tell ?

Be happy, good and pure, fair daughter mine ;
 Let heavenly graces dwell around thy brow,
 And virtue dignify thy daily life,
 And give thee power to nobly act thy part
 In the great drama of our earth's career.
 Walk stately through the world, and stoop to none,
 Unless to thy Creator God above.
 Be not a slave to weak and vain desires,
 Nor fancy 'tis but riches gives one power.
 Rise, through the force of mental might and will,
 By noble deeds and charitable acts,
 And hurl to infamy and public shame
 Who e'er attempts to lure thy guileless feet
 Away from rectitude and virtue's path ;
 The serpent vile crush in his loathsome track,
 And pass unharmed away with scornful step.
 Why were these words of warning to me given ?

[*Takes small silver mounted pistol from bureau
 and conceals it in belt.*]

I'll place my father's pistol in my belt—
 'Tis small, 'twill not be seen, its use he taught.
 I'll take this armed fan he gave to me.
 I know not why these fears; Thou dost, O God!

ACT V.—TABLEAU XII.

SCENE—Washington. War of Rebellion in progress. On right-hand side steps leading to the Capitol ; the figure of Liberty shown on dome of Capitol. Victor and Raphael stand on upper steps of the Capitol building in foreground. Several soldiers in front on guard.

Victor—How changed the scene in this, my native land,
 From what it was when I sailed from its shores
 To seek for ancient lore in distant climes !
 'Tis naught but turmoil, fire, and vengeful war !
 O direful day ! O mournful sight, indeed !
 This land is moistened now with crimson dew !
 This mighty nation rends itself in twain—

Yet strife and bloodshed seem a needless thing !
 Why this great change, these dark and warlike
 clouds
 Which hover in the air, enshrouding all in gloom ?
 Where is the peaceful land I left behind ?
 I walk its streets : its former joys are fled.
 The gay and happy scenes of yore
 Have changed to fratricidal contests fierce.
 'Tis but a day since I a mournful ode
 Sang o'er a youth who once with me did roam
 In distant climes where joy filled every day,
 And brilliant prospects beckoned him along :

He, too, is gone, the young, the gallant brave—
 Gone to a heaven of rest—laid in a hero's grave !
 The cannon's roar no more will wake his rest,
 Nor patriot fires bestir his manly breast.
 Alone he lies, wrapt in his warrior robes,
 The passing wind a requiem o'er him blows.

Still is the night ! the bustling hosts are gone,
 And quiet reigns triumphant here alone ;
 Fond Memory, in spotless robes beclad,
 Seats her before me with a visage sad,
 She tells his virtues, marks his gifted mind,
 Shows how he honored God and served man—
 kind ;
 And tells how like a free-born soul he moved
 As well abroad as in the land he loved.

But he is gone, who, with a master hand,
 Led bravely on his valiant Northern band—
 Led on to conquer, or in blood to die ;
 Disdaining e'er to turn, disdained to fly !
 Ah, yes, he's gone ! His spirit's upward flight
 Stopped not till entering heaven's celestial
 height ;
 Stopped not till seated 'mong that honored band
 Who fought on earth to save their native land.

Raphael—Dost thou, wide wanderer returning
 home,
 View now, with grief, this tott'ring nation's woe : ?
 Be not dismayed ; the future bright shall dawn,
 Fair Freedom's star shall beam from out this gloom ,
 Reflecting then upon these warlike days,
 Within a few years' time thou well canst say,

Heard, gracious God, the prayer I breathed to
 Thee ;
 Stayed is the conflict, dried the bloody sea ;
 While sounds of clashing arms are heard no
 more,
 And peace triumphant reigns from shore to
 shore,
 While one proud banner floats upon the breeze
 From southern gulf to northern glittering seas.
 Thou, God, hast made our people truly one,
 And they strive now for unity alone ;
 Hushed the mad ocean, stayed the thunder
 clouds,
 And saved our people from those bloody shrouds ;
 Restored the nation's mind to peace and rest,
 And calmed the turmoil that once stirred its
 breast ;
 Our rescued ship floats safely in her path,
 With heavens serene, and ocean void of wrath.

Far from those lands which regal scepters rule,
 Exalted virtues, through the help of God,
 Laid deep foundations for a future state
 Where Freedom and not monarchs e'er shall reign !
 This new-found world became the favored land,
 And pilgrim bands flocked to its rock-bound shores,
 Fleeing across the main to find a home
 Where free from persecution they could live
 And worship unrestrained, as conscience taught,
 God, all omnipotent, Whose praise they sang.
 The Mayflower brought some to this western world
 Who here unfurled the banner of the Lord.
 Time fled ; and varied peoples filled the land,
 And, from them, God a mighty nation wrought,
 Which, shaking from its limbs all tyrants' chains,
 Soon reared the government the people wished ;
 Then, as the nation issued from the war
 For independence all victorious,
 It grasped all means to hold the treasure bought
 With precious blood ; and called forth Washington,
 And placed him in the presidential chair ;
 He—unlike one who grasped a gilded crown
 That he might gain a regal throne and name,
 A forced divorce obtaining from his wife
 That he might thus procure a kingly heir,

But died imprisoned through the hatred shown
 By haughty England and the lands he'd fought,
 And banished from the throne he wrongly craved—
 Proved loyal to his loved and honored spouse,
 His country's freedom and its infant life.
 Think not that God will now this land forsake,
 Still in its prime ; His will shall soon recall
 Its erring children, baffle all their aims,
 Raise up the slave, and shatter galling chains.

Victor—The glory of our country's father cast
 A halo o'er the infant child; 'twill shine
 For ages, if the child withholds to dim
 Its brightness, beaming forth from Freedom's shrine.
 The child should add fresh luster to the flame,
 Enrolling heroes on the scroll of fame.

Raphael—Before us stretches now the Capital !
 The scene behold ! star-lit and shadowy—
 Magnificent in distances, 'tis true—
 The public buildings with their porticos ;
 The noble Capitol, on towering dome
 Exalting Liberty to guard her home !
 There, at the end of this long avenue,
 Within the White House walks the President:
 The cares of state weigh heavy on his mind—
 Within his throbbing, troubled, wearied brain
 Contending forces seem to meet and fight ;
 Brothers 'gainst brothers war and sink in blood.
 May God grant Lincoln wisdom, strength and life
 To rule this nation, calm this civil strife !
 Up yonder, Victor, in those realms above,
 Extend the heavens, ruled by God through love.
 As is this city to the earth entire,
 Or this grand Capitol that all admire,
 Thus earth to heaven doth in size compare,
 Whose vast proportions join with beauties rare ;
 Its porticos and halls and domes sublime
 Extend throughout that ever-blessed clime ;
 Within, without, their dazzling grandeurs shine,
 And perfect purity with art combine.
 As from all nations flock their peoples here
 To this broad land to gain a freedom dear,
 So there, from every kindred, and each sphere
 Opaque, where dwelleth those who God revere,

Come spirits freed on new-found wings of light
 And in those mansions find supreme delight.
 There, in those lofty courts supremely blest,
 This land's brave fathers from their labors rest.
 As dazzling stars with glory grandly crowned,
 His throne the valiant heroes gather 'round.
 There shines a glorious Being, pure, serene,
 A mighty God, whose grandeur fills the scene.
 There solar systems move in heavens afar,
 Around His brow—the central dazzling star—
 And angels come and go on missions bound,
 Throughout the mighty universe profound;
 With reverential mien, on lightning wing,
 They all obey the mandates of their king.

Victor—My friend, thy mind a wondrous power displays.

Above this little planet world to tower,
 With my terrestrial hopes and ties and loves,
 I find it hard with thy bold thoughts to rise.

Raphael—Beware ! all ye whose souls with sins are weighed,
 Yet unforgiven through atonement made;
 Seek e'er to follow in the upward track
 Of the Redeemed, lest ye fall back
 Through lack of faith, as Peter in the sea,
 And find no Lord to save ye as did he !

Victor—Yea, 'tis too true ; but my vain thoughts will turn

To her I truly love, who doth abide
 In yonder charming home among the trees.
 I have not seen her face since my return ;
 The hours have fled away so swiftly here
 That 'tis too late to visit her this eve ;
 But, come with me and see her lovely home,
 The way is o'er a road well known to me.

Raphael—'Twill please me well, my dear young friend, to view

The home of one who seems so dear to thee ;
 Who, then, is she who so entralls your mind,
 That you no room for other thoughts can find ?

Victor—Victoria—she who gave to me this ring—
 Expects me back from my long wandering.

ACT V.—TABLEAU XIII.

SCENE—Handsomely designed grounds of residence, with clumps of trees, walks, etc. Fence and gateway in front.

[*Raphael and Victor enter from right, and pass through gate.*]

Victor—Here, in this shady grove in summer's bloom,

Where gentle zephyrs waft sweet flowers' perfume,
Resides Victoria in her cultured home.

I shall no longer from her lonely roam,
Moving at random o'er the varied earth,
Seeking afar for learning, wealth and mirth—
Look ! look ! A carriage stops before the gate !
See ! she alights with Rolf, that profligate !

Raphael—Hush ! Victor, let us stop here unobserved ;

Calm thee, my son, and be not thou unnerved.

[*Victor and Raphael step behind grove of trees.*
Enter on left-hand side Victoria and Rolf walking near them arm-in-arm, but not observing them.]

Victoria—Sir Rolf, please tell me what the hour of night—

The time sped swiftly in the brilliant throng
That filled each spacious room and hall. Naught there

Within the White House showed the pending gloom
That hangs about our nation like a cloud
Storm-ridden and surcharged with death and woe.
How passed the time with thee ?

Rolf— Could I but find
Delight when thy rare beauty shone on me,
As all this night it hath ? The hour is one,
And thou art here alone, with me, my queen ;
To win thy love this night I'm strangely led.

Victoria—Withhold such words ! Your snorting horses flew,
As if with lightning wings, o'er dusty road,

Well handled by your groom as dark and lithe
 As some black spirit from the evil world ;
 But here we are, all safe at my dear home.

Rolf—Victoria, hear. Let me me no longer roam
 The earth unheeded in my love for thee ;
 My true devotion thou must surely know.
 [Aside.] Can Victor now withhold thee from my
 power

That comes from yonder star in Graffias
 That in the Scorpion's head doth shine so bright?
 From thence dark passions in my heart are fed.
 [Aloud.] Into unwilling ears shall I breathe love
 If willing ears are lent not ? No one hears ;
 Naught sees save those mute, bright star-eyes of
 Night,
 Which pale before thine eyes, which brighter glow.

Victoria—Audacious man ! Are not mine ears
 mine own ?
 Force bold, unwelcome thoughts within them if ye
 dare !
 Or scale the citadel that I command—
 The soul of a free child of this free soil,
 Proud of her sire, who knew no king but God !
 This land he fought for, honored, and his grave
 Its sod doth cover, else his flashing eye
 Would this approach defy—unsought, and bold.

Rolf—Thy father was a hero in the field,
 But thou dost wield far greater pow'r o'er man
 Than e'er could he, for thou doth make a slave
 Of him who craves to win thy matchless love—
 Thou, tyrant sweet, who now holds me enthralled.

Victoria—Slave he no longer who his freedom
 gains.
 Another hath my love. It cannot bind
 Thee longer now when thou my mind doth know.

Rolf—My bondage to thee thou canst ne'er un-
 bind,
 Although another's love thou fain wouldst choose,
 Although of Victor's love thou wouldst remind.
 If thy ears heed not, then my ardent love

Assaults thy ruby lips though they reprove ;

[Attempts to kiss *Victoria*, who pushes him off.]

Repel me not, my wealth nor power disdain ;
Love's sweetest gifts I hope from thee to gain,
Then palaces of splendor shall be thine,
And all that love, gold, talent can combine.

Victoria—Art thou a knave or demon who doth tread

This fair, green earth in human form well graced ?
I fear thee not, yet dread thy presence here ;
I am, sir, fully armed, and well I know
That oft beneath a polished gentleman
Is hidden a lost, ruined spirit, like
The one that shows itself black stained in thee ;
When of my safety it becomes alarmed
My fan sends forth two shining blades of steel ;
See how they glitter in the night ! their points,
Now feel how keen and sharp ! here in my belt
A small revolver rests, which dealt out death
In my brave father's hands when on the field,
And in his daughter's 'twill make thee, O knave,
Desist from thy base plans, and thus admit
That knowledge, courage and material power
Give women strength before which knaves must cower.

Rolf—While thy eyes pierce my bold and wicked soul
And like the eyes of an avenging angel shine,
Still they a hidden passion's flame do fan
That doth my love for thee aloud proclaim.
I cannot raise my hand 'gainst one so grand,
And here spell-bound to look at thee I stand.

Victoria—Stand thou then there while I go to my home !

Rolf—Stay ! stay ! Thou must not leave me thus ! O stay !

Thou shalt not go ! I **order** thee to stay !
Or by yon star, thee, haughty queen, I'll slay !

[*Rolf* draws bright stiletto from the umbrella he is carrying, and pistol from his breast pocket. *Victor* springs from clump of trees and faces *Rolf*.]

Victor—Hold ! base, false friend, who sought my soul to kill,
 But failing, tries his Satan-given power
 On brave Victoria ! Heed my command,
 Thou villain ! Yes, thou sin-stained villain bold !
 Down on thy knees and plead for pardon at her hand !

Rolf—Nay ! never ! Thou soft, saintly-seeming youth ;
 Thou hast no courage, so from danger fly.
 Quick ! sapling, quick ! defend thee, lest my sword
 Ends thy young life ; I shall no peace accord !

[*Victor draws stiletto from his cane. They fight. Victor disarms Rolf.*]

Victor—There ; I do spare thy life ; go now in peace,
 And may thy evil genius leave thee now,
 And cease to torture thee with passions vain.

[*Rolf presents pistol.*]

Rolf—Thy blood ! thy life ! I do my power regain.

[*Victor draws pistol.*]

Victor—If thou dost force me to defend my life,
 And scorn'st to end this strife except through blood,
 I shall not falter thee to slay—'twill rid
 Earth of a soul in which the devil's hid.

[*They fire. Rolf disappears in smoke and confusion. The clock strikes the hour of one.*]

Victoria—Dear Victor, thou hast killed our wicked foe !

He hath deceived me and hath wronged thee, too ;
 See ! read this letter, brought, he said, from thee,
 That asks of me to treat him as thy friend,
 Trusted and known. [Hands letter to *Victor*.]

Victor—It is a forgery !

Victoria—Come thou to me, from me no more to go !

Well thou didst come this dark, appalling hour
 Back to thy love to snatch her from his power.

Victor—My friend and I were passing this abode,
 And stopped to view it—

Victoria—Where, then, is thy friend ?

Victor - Oh! there ; my guardian angel he is e'er.
 Why ! whither hath the daring Rolf now fled ?
 I thought to find him dead, or dying here !

[*Raphael advances.*]

This, Victoria, is my friend and guide,
 Raphael L'Ange ; this, my friend e'er true,
 Is my Victoria, whom I love well.

Raphael—Thou seest, children fair, an aged man
 Who hath great wisdom in this earth's affairs.
 Upon this planet two great forces strive
 For mastery : the one as Good is known,
 Producing peace, enduring love and joy;
 The other, Evil, recognized by all,
 Corrupting man and causing strife and woe,
 Unhallowed love, and gilded, empty joys,
 Then death, eternal death ; but ye have shunned
 This Evil, through your will, sustained by God,
 And have held to the Good, awakened fresh
 In man's cold heart by Christ's redeeming power.
 So art thou saved, thus far, my children, saved.
 Thank Him, who dwelleth in the skies and here,
 His spirit everywhere ; thank Christ, "The Son,"
 Who gave His life for all who will accept
 Him as their Guide, Redeemer, Friend and Lord.
 That youth, called Rolf, was a lost spirit sent
 From distant hell to ruin souls like yours ;
 Mammon, there known, he blasts all peace and love.
 Ye have escaped his subtle wiles, so live
 Blest VICTORS both, in happiness e'er dwell,
 A lost primeval paradise regain,
 In purity and love on earth now reign.

Grand Tableau, representing Epilogue in Heaven.

SCENE—Raphael, Victor and Victoria continue standing as in preceding tableau, and the rear of scene suddenly opens and discloses view of Heaven, the same as presented in opening tableau, but elevated above front part of stage, the intermediate space being light blue. Those representing angels have golden harps in their hands. Raphael throws

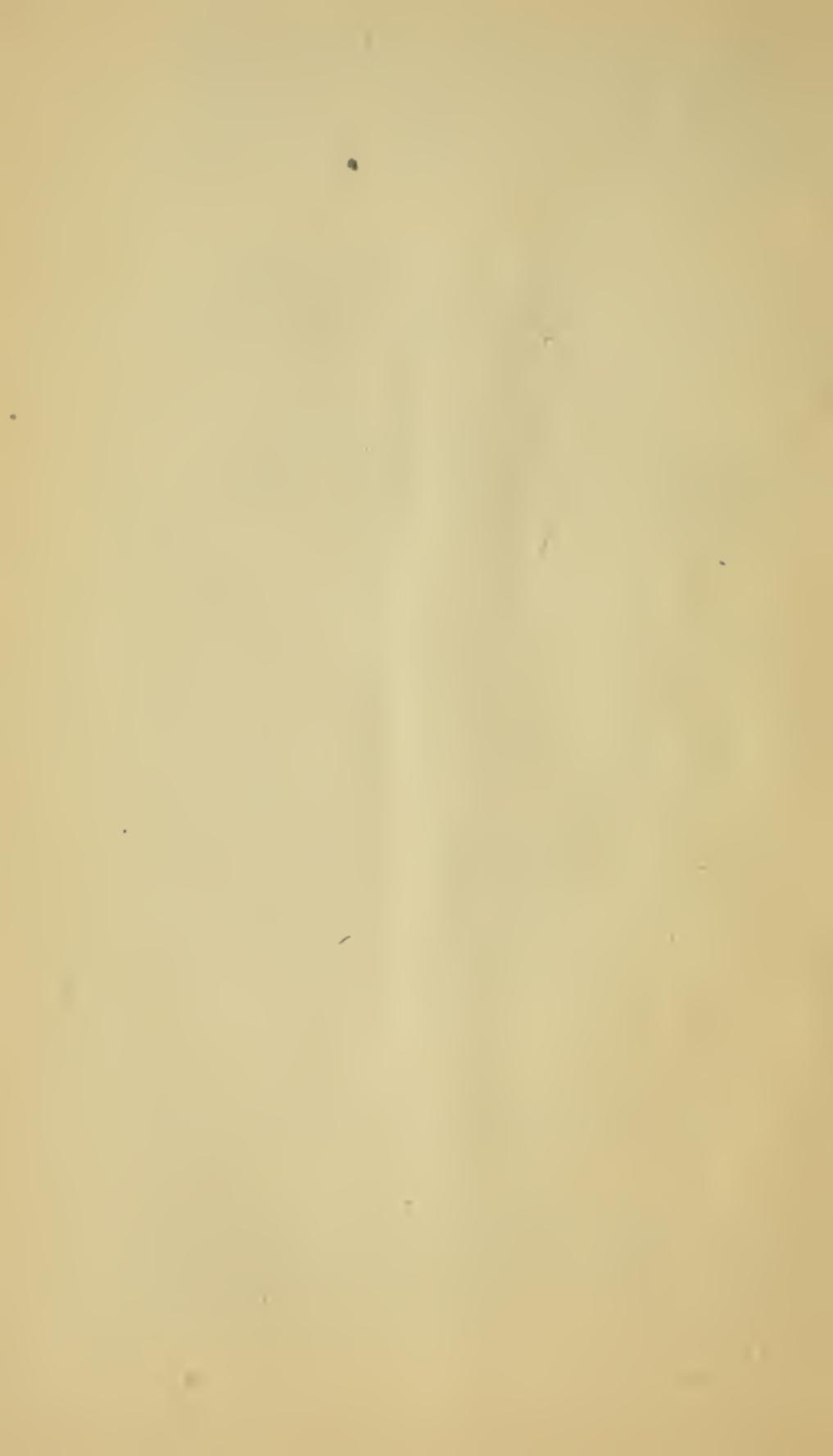
off his large cloak and human garb, disclosing his real angelic nature, as seen in first tableau. He leaves the spot where Victor and Victoria are standing gazing in astonishment at the scene before them. He rises in the air and moves from them toward Heaven, waving his hand. A dark figure, representing Mammon, as seen in Prologue, moves angrily across one side of stage.

Choir of Angels sing—

Oh, man hath triumphed o'er Satan, rejoice !
 Oh, blessed is he who obeyeth God's voice !
 Praise ye the Savior, the Bright Morning Star,
 Who holdeth the gates of Our City ajar !

They who do enter partake of the Tree
 Of Life Everlasting ! Come, calleth He;
 Peace on the Earth and good will to all men !
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah ! Amen.

FINIS.





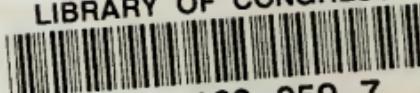
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